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Volume CXCV No. 2549 The SPHERE, London, December 11, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE ATOM BOMB EXERCISES IN THE ATLANTIC—A JET-PROPELLED SEA VAMPIRE COMING IN TO LAND ON THE DECK OF THE CARRIER "ILLUSTRIOUS" DURING THE MOCK BATTLE STAGED BY THE HOME FLEET: The exercises concluded with an atomic attack on the fleet by Bomber Command as the warships approached the shores of England this week. In the background of this picture is the escorting destroyer "Rapid"

From the South Azores to the coast of Britain the Home Fleet, homeward bound, has engaged in a most elaborate series of exercises designed to test its efficiency and fighting power under the new post-war conditions, and in this age of atomic power. In one battle off the Azores, *Illustrious* showed her powers as a reconnaissance craft, sending off search planes to locate the light carriers of the enemy with a view to bringing them to battle. Later she launched a striking force against these carriers, the planes taking off from the *Illustrious* and returning to her as she pitched and heaved in a vast Atlantic swell. As the shores of Britain drew near, it was arranged that Bomber Command should launch an atomic attack on the approaching warships, thus bringing the radar defence system into full play in the provision of early warning for the gunners and the Home Fleet Pilots. (See also page 335)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

DISCUSSING THE FUTURE OF THE DANISH BRIGADE—NEGOTIATIONS IN PROGRESS AT THE DEFENCE MINISTRY IN LONDON: Mr. Rasmus Hansen (second from left) is seen with Major-General Allercup, Commander of the Danish Brigade in Germany, discussing with Mr. A. V. Alexander (second from right), the Defence Minister, the question of the renewal of the agreement under which the Danes carry out occupation duties in the British Zone of Germany. The agreement expires in May 1949, and Denmark has indicated that she cannot spare the man-power for these duties

Socialism — A Wave of Cynicism?

—Socialist Ministers are facing an unusual amount of heckling on public platforms now—and not from Communists alone. It needs no Public Opinion poll to convince me that in the last weeks Mr. Attlee and his Government have lost esteem and won suspicion. You have only to walk abroad with your ears open to harvest the bountiful crop of cynicism regarding Socialist "ideals" engendered by Church House day-to-day reports. Bad luck it may be that a matter *sub judice* should so fearfully prejudice public opinion, but (though the Press has admirably done its duty and restrained itself, as the law requires) the reaction on the public is quite inevitable. Preached at and kept in chains by a thousand petty restraints, the vast bulk of the public are "have-nots," austerity-slaves. Day after day they read of the luxury and squandermania of the slick, the smart, the back-stair boys, the Jew-boys, the boys who know-the-way-round and the way-in; and the austere and hungry majority justly feel *they* have not been asked to the party and don't even lick up the crumbs. (We would if we could, of course.) And because the names of Ministers and leading Socialists are bandied about in the investigation, naturally the mud splashes up on the Socialist *panache* and sticks there. This unfortunate reaction would have been far less widespread and strong if the sermons and psalm-singing of Cripps, Strachey, and so on had been a little less fanatical and saintly. It is hard on the "Moody and Sankey" Cabinet members, no doubt, but it is as natural as it is factual. Church House has already delivered a staggering blow, if not yet a K.O., to Mr. Attlee (good, virtuous man) and his oddly assorted team of idealists.

The Chaos of T.U. Control.

—The world we live in to-day has for the most part expunged the words "order" and "discipline" from their workaday dictionaries. It has set up self-interest and self-help as the ideals which a shrewd man should keep ever before him under a Government which preaches State Socialism and State service. If there be anything to grab with a good chance of "getting away with it," grab it. If there be any rule of conduct or authority which can be broken without damage to one's prospects, break it. Whenever we stir up the mud which lies on the bed of our brave, new world, the grab grabs grabbers. A terribly high proportion of our nation regards to-day a man who can exercise patronage as a dolt if he does not cash in on distributing it, a man who attains a position in which he can feather his nest, as a mere fool if he misses his chance; *they* wouldn't be such boneheads. So much for morality. As for discipline, it is no word for the dictionary of a free and independent worker in a new democracy. It stinks of the slavery of the bad old days of master and men. To end the injustices and oppression of the really bad old days, the trade unions were built up and organised with infinite pains, slowly overcoming obstacles that seemed insuperable, slowly achieving miracles which seemed impossible. These unions exist to-day. Some of them still retain a measure of control, but all too many are museum pieces. They have lost all authority over their members. Such influence as they still possess works upwards, not downwards. They can frighten and perhaps guide the Government; they can do nothing with their workers, many of whom seem to regard a strike not as a weapon to secure justice, but as a means of signifying their absolute freedom from restraint and discipline of any kind. And, since a weak Government and weaker unions dare not and have not the means to punish them, that freedom is absolute and cannot be challenged. The mutineers hold the bridge and the captain is in irons. The ship sails only if it suits the mutineers.

Irish Peers.

—The future and present status of Irish peers is quite interesting. Hereditary peers clearly have no place in a Republic. In France, as I understand it, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld is, in the eyes of the Republic, plain citizen. He is disestablished. And so by Mr. Costello's Act presumably are sixty or more holders of Irish peerages—in Eire. There are, of course, many holders of Irish titles who enjoy English or U.K. peerages and sit in the Upper House by authority of those peerages. The Act of Union (1801) provided for the election for life of twenty-eight Irish peers to sit in London. Since 1922 the practice of keeping up the number was dropped, and only seven remain to-day. The idea that these survivors should be "regularised" by being granted U.K. peerages has been mooted. And (no doubt) a U.K. or English peerage is no longer a reward of merit. More often, it is nowadays a political expedient to secure a fairer balance of parties, unwelcome to the recipient. But for the rest, the sixty-seven, their future is obscure. They cannot *all* receive U.K. peerages, and not all of them would welcome the offer, if made. Such, for example, may well be Lord Winterton's ultimate reward for long service. But he would prefer to choose his own time, I should think.

"No Petrol for the Parson."

—Dr. Garbett, sometimes gloomy, is not in despair about the future of religion in this country. He sees hopeful proofs of revival. Oddly (to my own experience) he finds the lag at present chiefly in rural parishes. Perhaps we are unusually lucky in our own very rural parish. Of course, a rural parish has special difficulties. Churches are often icy cold, ill-lit, and approachable only by dark and muddy lanes. The parish priest may have two churches to serve and a parish which straggles like the Oxford diocese. And he is not helped by the fuel authorities of our saintly Government. They do not regard him as part of the *Establishment*. You will see him push-biking like mad on Sundays between his churches before 7 a.m. and 8 a.m., and 10.15 a.m. and 11.15 a.m., and 3.15 and 6 and 7.15 p.m. For when he asks for three gallons of petrol to carry him on in the work of the parish or the visitation of the sick, he is often met with the reply: "Regret no justification can be found for this application for petrol." Is it strange if some of us feel a little wave of cynicism *vis-à-vis* the *Government* psalm-singers? There is plenty of petrol for those boys who scour all Sussex from their bases in Brighton, with an arsenal of guns and rifles, to poach pheasants and empty hen-houses; plenty of petrol for the shrewd and the slick and the racecourse fraternity. . . . A day may come, sooner than expected, when this Government will burst or sag like a pricked balloon, to be temporarily labelled the most bloated, hypocritical gas-bag ever expanded and flaunted before the public. For a Government, like a convoy, is judged on the performance of its lame ducks.

Dreary and Inadequate.

—There is little or no prospect of any improvement of the nation's diet. Officially, it is described as adequate, universally as dreary. Dreary it is, nowhere more so than in country districts in the homes of people who do not or cannot seek a welcome change in an hotel, where mutton and chicken are not unknown. For us here for more years than I like to count, the meat ration—pitiful in size—has been beef so-called, beef of a kind, a cut, a texture, which dogs would have turned from in 1939. We are invited to cheer up sometimes when we are promised "home-killed" beef. But there are no grounds for cheer. The absurd and hampering regulations affecting killing require (for what reasons I do not know) that the meat must be cut up by the local butcher while *still warm* and eaten by the public without first being hung. And the result is, that we who are perforce 90 per cent. vegetarian, become (to use an Irishism) whole-hog vegetarians. For even Bevan's new free dentures can make no impression on "best home-killed."

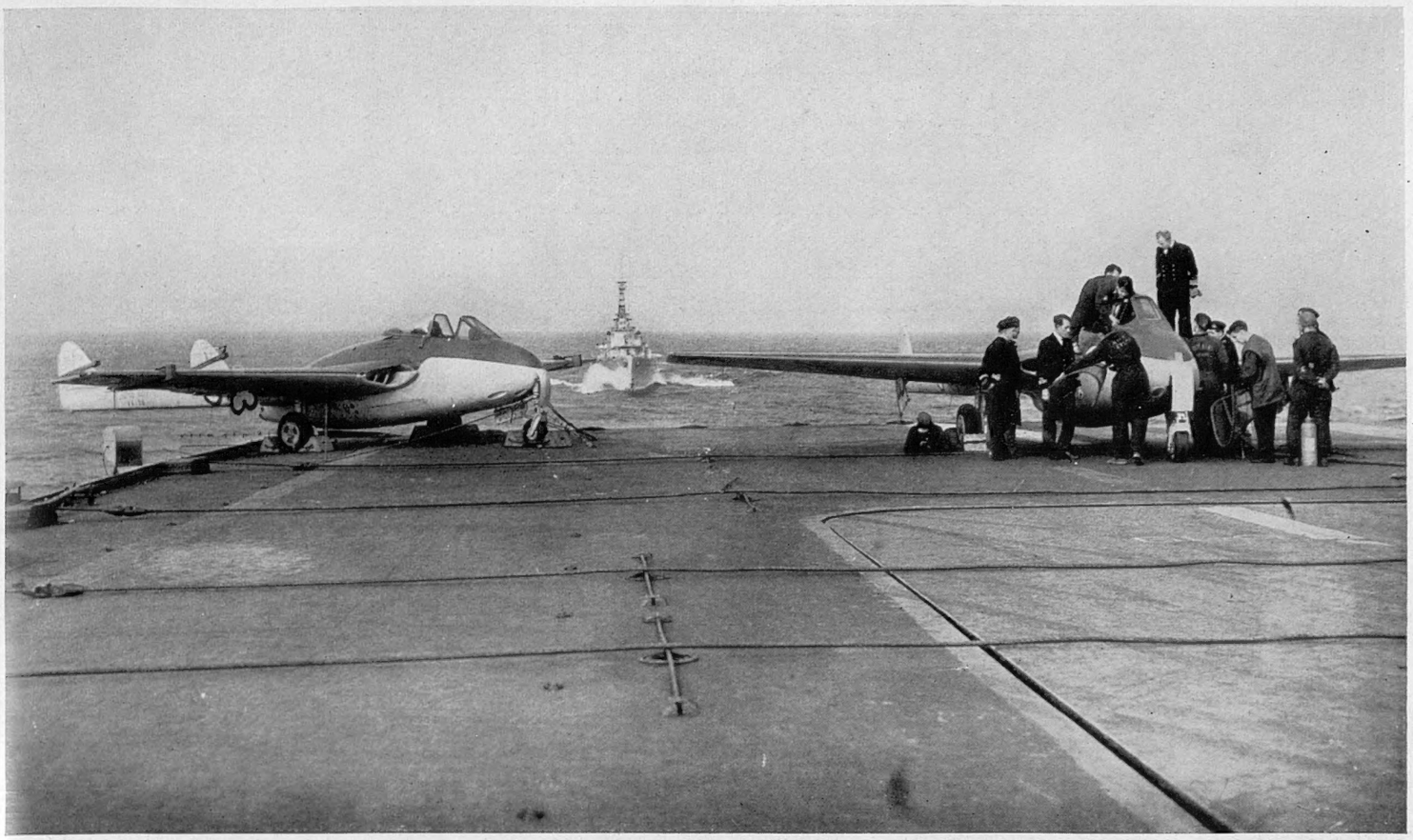
Making Films Pay.

—A critic who starts in a rage is unlikely to be a fair critic. I seldom visit a cinema, and when I do, I enter the gloomy portal gloomily. I have been so often nauseated or bored. Yet when I see a good film, I enjoy it and tell the world. The British film industry is struggling. It seems that it is not yet having a fair do in America under the new charter, though there have been exceptional great successes. To my ignorant mind, the chief handicap in the way of the British film industry is too slavish imitation of Hollywood. That slavishness may be unavoidable. The Americans have long practised two very expensive articles of creed: (1) That film-stars are artists of the first water and must be paid and mounted "according"; (2) that the film public must be wooed with baubles and gimcrack, must take its spoonful of history and truth in golden syrup. Both these fallacies are too expensive for the British industry to copy. If only our producers would trust the public, would take a less dingy view of British taste, I believe the appeal of British films would be greater than it is. History unadorned with syrup and trimmings, accurate biography and our classics "un-improved" by slick scenario-wizards, can afford all the romance, all the thrill, all the charm, that the most romantic schoolgirl needs. Recent great "flops" point to this truth, and I see signs that our film critics are beginning to drive the lesson home. Poor devils, they are surfeited with *marrons glacés*! We are not a very enlightened people to-day, but it is the cinema which has hastened our retrogression. It has never tried to educate us—presumably it supposed us beyond help. Now it is paying the price of its failure in trusteeship, and it may be *we* are sunk too low to educate the cinema. If it be so, nothing can save that industry, butchered to make a second Hollywood.

Fog.

—We are accustomed to political fog. We are a little hurt by a new-record natural fog. The people who walked in darkness for many consecutive days, saw a great light at last, and temporarily, on December 1. The sun reappeared and the line of the Downs came through again. I had to drive a good deal along the roads those dark days and nights on my lawful occasions, and my old car has neither a fog-light nor a de-icer. Glycerine is not easy to buy, but a spoonful is an essential precaution. Another useful tip is to create a narrow gap in the bonnet-lids by placing an empty match-box (or such) in the crack, thus throwing hot air back on the windscreen. Then the headlights should be adjusted a little more downwards and the left headlight covered with a yellow silk cap. What has proved itself triumphantly during this visitation is the white line. But it must be clean and continuous and by-roads need it as much as main roads, more so, indeed, since their edges are less defined.

THE OLD STAGER



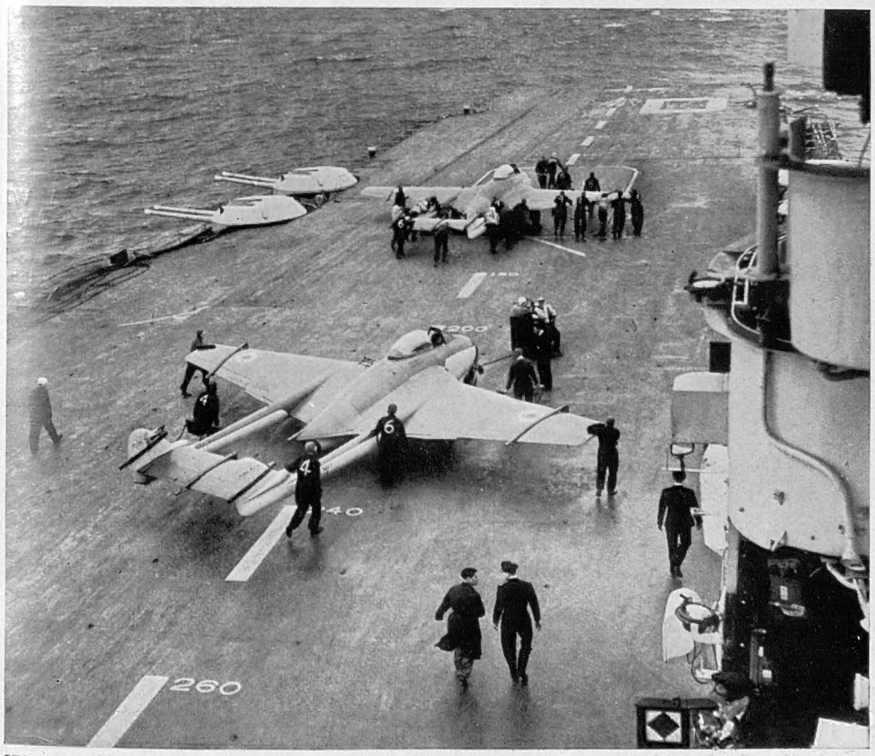
A SEA VAMPIRE BEING PREPARED FOR A TAKE-OFF FROM THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE CARRIER "ILLUSTRIOUS": Maintenance staff at work a few moments before the jet-propelled reconnaissance machine took off from "Illustrious" in an attempt to locate the enemy light carriers "Theseus" and "Vengeance." These spotting exercises off the Azores preceded a more elaborate mock battle as the Home Fleet approached the shores of Britain, where it was arranged that it should be subjected to an atom-bomb attack by Bomber Command operating from airfields in the south of England

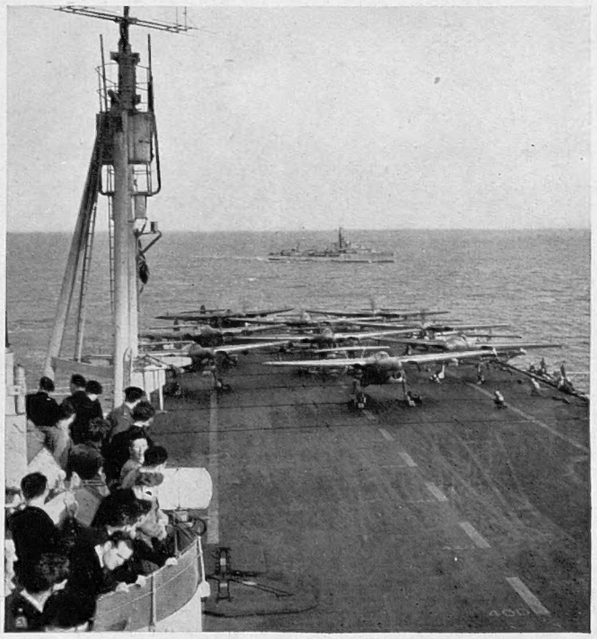
IE OF THE DIVE-BOMBERS OF THE HOME FLEET: A Barracuda about to land on the aircraft-carrier *Illustrious*. This type of aircraft, used with success in the last of the *Tirpitz* attacks during the war, is capable of acute angle diving at high speed

AN OFFICER IS TRANSFERRED AT SEA: By rope and pulley, he crosses the gap between the carrier *Illustrious* and the destroyer *Rapid*. When the operation was in progress the ships steamed on parallel courses

WITH THE HOME FLEET OFF THE AZORES

Exercises Conducted in Heavy Seas





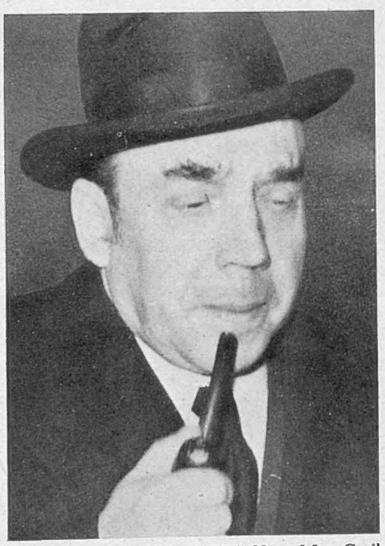
SEA VAMPIRES AND BARRACUDAS ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS": *Left*—Two of the twin-boomed Vampires being prepared for a take-off by "ground staff." *Right*—Barracudas waiting for the moment to deliver a formation attack. The Vampires acted as reconnaissance craft and acquitted themselves well under tricky conditions, as there was a heavy swell during the period of the exercise off the Azores

SIDNEY STANLEY BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL

The Man with Five Names, and Other Witnesses, in the Third Week of the Church House Inquiry

MR. STANLEY AND OTHERS LEAVE CHURCH HOUSE AFTER THE LEADING WITNESS OF THE WEEK HAD OCCUPIED THE STAND FOR 110 MINUTES: Mr. Stanley (bareheaded) is seen towards the right as he emerged from the court followed by plain-clothes policeman Tom Rees. In front of Mr. Stanley are Mr. Charles, managing clerk, and Mr. Llewellyn-Jones, solicitor. During his days in the witness stand Mr. Stanley engaged in a series of duels with Sir Hartley Shawcross

STILL NOT CALLED AS A WITNESS AFTER THREE WEEKS: Mr. John Belcher, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, was expected to be the last of the witnesses to take the stand



ANOTHER LEADING WITNESS: Mr. Cyril Joshua Ross, managing director of Swears and Wells. He declared his interests to the tune of £615,000 had been affected by publicity over the Tribunal

MR. SIDNEY STANLEY, WITH A PILE OF PAPERS, ENTERS CHURCH HOUSE AT THE START OF A SESSION: After days of listening, Mr. Stanley took the witness stand last week. Before he gave evidence, the Chairman asked him a question which few witnesses have been asked before: "Do you know what your father's name was?" Stanley answered that his father's name was Koshycky

THE THRONG OUTSIDE CHURCH HOUSE: Members of the public waiting to be admitted to a session of the Lynskey Tribunal. More than once unseemly laughter from the public benches has caused Mr. Justice Lynskey to threaten to clear the court

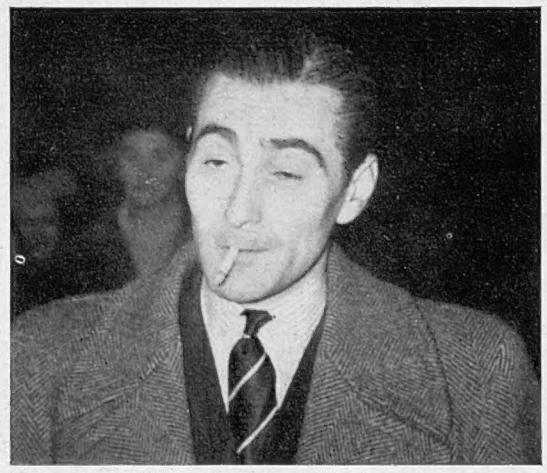
ALL SMILES AS MR. STANLEY EMERGES FROM THE COURT : This was on the last day of the third week of the Tribunal, the fourteenth day of the hearing. After his long spell on the witness stand, Stanley seemed comparatively unruffled, and he certainly appeared fresher than Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney-General

MR. BELCHER'S FORMER PRIVATE SECRETARY : Mr. Gerald Lionel Pearson, Principal attached to the Import Licensing Department of the Board of Trade. Mr. Pearson, wounded ex-officer and holder of the M.C., preceded Mr. Cross as Mr. Belcher's assistant. He declared that he found Stanley "a nuisance"

ANOTHER WITNESS FROM THE BOARD OF TRADE : Mr. Bernard Francis Castle Floud, principal in the Tourist, Catering and Holidays Branch of the Industries and Manufacture Department. He described in evidence how he was surprisingly summoned by Mr. John Belcher in order to discuss a £3,000 licence decision

SIDNEY STANLEY TOOK HIM TO SEE MR. BELCHER AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS : Mr. R. R. Curtis, member of a firm of property consultants, surveyors and valuers, described dealings with Stanley about a £3,000 hotel annexe licence. There was no question, he said, of payment to Stanley or Belcher

MR. ROBERT JAMES PRITCHARD : The managing director of the French Cleaning and Dyeing Company, and of the Margate Clothing Company



MR. SIDNEY GOLD : He described how he met Stanley at a dog track, and how Stanley offered to put some fur licences before a higher authority

COLONEL GEORGE : To him Mr. Belcher is said to have broached the subject of company directorships. He is a partner in a firm of chartered accountants

AUSTERITY COMES UNDER CROSS-FIRE

The Cripps Policy and its Bearing on Foreign Goodwill

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN Sir Stafford Cripps returned from Russia in 1942 and exhorted a bottled-up Britain to emulate the austerity that he had found among the Russians, with their backs to Siberia, the mood of the nation was one of ready acceptance. Cripps was the man of the hour and—"if he says so . . ."

Little did we think that, getting on for seven years later, austerity would not only still be with us, but to the extent of an ounce a week of that top national stand-by and favourite, bacon, and this as the festive season approaches.

The Canadians and Americans are at variance with the Board of Trade as to why we didn't get the bacon. According to the Americans, the British Government said they needed something more urgently. One would like to know—what?

A growing number of people are querying the whole policy of austerity, asking whether a continuance of it is more injurious than wise. Austerity has come under a cross-fire directed at it both at home and abroad. The very Allies who should find themselves beside us in battle under a British commander are complaining that their recovery will be hindered by it.

The first thing that strikes one about austerity is that, taken on as a wartime necessity, it is being perpetuated in part, at least, to facilitate a political party programme. The attempt is being made to endow Britain at relatively lightning speed with housing and building and social services, on a scale that the richest country in the world would find difficulty in affording at this juncture while simultaneously re-equipping and re-arming.

Kindly Americans say that the United Kingdom is trying to make too sensational a recovery. However the matter is put, we know the necessity imposed: to scrape up every blessed penny so that such things as huge bills tendered by opticians and dentists may be met, so that schools may be run up right and left (before prisons—why?), so that new towns may be laid out, and so forth, and so on.

The view is held in some quarters that the present Administration has taken on too much all at one time, and that certain expenditure could bear pruning so that money saved might be diverted to improve the food supply. Last year's cut of over £200,000,000 in the food imports bill is making itself more felt, the longer it lasts.

Next, it is obvious that austerity is kept fastened on the community by a constantly active Puritanical minority with whose "way of life" it not only harmonises: it *is* the Puritan way. These are great days for the Blue-Minded, as I ventured to write earlier in the year. Such ones snatch at every opportunity to deepen their hold in the name of the national effort.

The question is: have they overdone it? Are they, and the extravagant spenders in other directions, actually weakening the national will and sinew?

Fortunately one could quote from all sides in this matter. Mr. Maurice Webb is himself conducting a movement to stem the rising cost of living and to better the condition of the lower-income groups. He says these people want more inducements if they are to toil on, and if that doesn't signify an anti-austerity frame of mind, what does?

News Item—

Ndola, Tuesday.—Many native labourers in Africa work on a ration 50 per cent. larger than that of the people of Britain. This discovery of the Marquand Economic Mission was disclosed by Mr. Hervey Rhodes, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Marquand, in the tropical equivalent of a fireside chat with Rhodesian farmers yesterday afternoon.

This is headed in a Dominion newspaper: British People Now Worse Fed Than African Labourers.

Austerity leads to cadging—not intentional, but leaving sympathisers with no option but to give. This country loses some of the dignity she used to have. Think of the avalanche of parcels—must that go on indefinitely from people who do not possess some of the things with which we are endowing ourselves in the room of proper, enjoyable nourishment?

Ask yourselves if you are proud of such a communication as this from the Ministry of Food to Canada and then advertised throughout that nation under the heading "GIVE BRITAIN STRENGTH":

". . . we are living on marginal nutritional standards, and there is cause for anxiety lest this should be having adverse effects on physique and health. . . . Everything you can send us is wanted, and urgently wanted."

That went off to the United Emergency Fund for Britain and sounds to me uncomfortably akin to begging.

Verily doth austerity lead one into strange alleyways. Consider the Board of Trade's signal to Americans and Canadians that they may now give to British citizens presents of British textiles and footwear (which would otherwise be for export only) and pay for them in dollars.

Isn't this scraping anywhere and anyhow for hard currency assuming at times rather an abject docks and in railway yards, at storehouses and depots—is the direct outcome of an ill-judged policy which creates the wrong sort of shortages. Demand and supply—the latter by organised gangs.

The fact that 29 per cent. of those convicted of "breaking" and larceny are boys and girls of under seventeen has shocked many people. I fail to see why. The attitude has been to pamper children and kowtow to adolescents, so why shouldn't they get ideas about themselves, feel the world owes them a living, and set about acquiring by lawless means the things they covet in austere times?

There is a deal of bravado in it, and some instability or headiness induced by the anarchic exploits of one section of the community. Of course, there are several contributing causes of juvenile crime. But a high place is taken by such a pronouncement as "The world belongs to the young more than to the old" by a judge of the County Court. Also: old people already get the worst end of austerity, and there is no necessity to hammer it in.

"It is an undoubted fact (says the *Daily Telegraph*) that the multiplication of rules and regulations, sometimes to the ordinary citizen quite meaningless, has tended to induce greater tolerance of petty illegalities than is desirable, and that the general drabness of living in the post-war years inevitably makes for restlessness and mental instability."

A whole selection of the rules and regulations derives from austerity, and the latter begets the drab life. What it comes down to is surely: Aren't we paying too high a price in the loss of moral character and dignity through allowing Sir Stafford Cripps to go on nursing his war baby years after the state of national emergency has ceased to be? Aren't we placing too heavy a stress on human nature—not all of us being Puritans (thank goodness)?

Finally, the criticisms from friends and neighbours, and from the Americans, over Britain's Four-Year Plan, which is based, first and last, on austerity. In effect, our own experts have told us that we will be lucky if our living standard four years from now is 5 per cent. better than it is to-day. So don't be foolish enough to dream up a "*When Skies are Blue in Fifty-Two.*" The idea is that purchases shall be cut and cut, which could have alleviated austerity, so that raw materials and other imports may be acquired which will build up a stunning exporting machine by the time Marshall Aid ceases.

Apart from insufficient attention having been given to the perfectly logical possibility of our then finding ourselves in an acute buyers' market, all polished up and clients in short supply, there is the serious loss of present popularity among friends who hitherto could not do too much for us. These believe British restrictive imports and austerity policy to be major factors obstructing the revival of European trade. They say Britain is being selfish.

The Cripps programme provides for an export surplus to Western Europe of £12,250,000 instead of the pre-war import surplus of £125,000,000. A chilling conception, indeed, for countries close at hand which had assumed they would have a much larger market in Britain than the British plan will give them. The reply, so far, is that we can't be sure of deliveries if we ordered them—surely as lame an attitude for the promotion of Western Union as the sending of Dr. Dalton to work it out?

Thus does austerity enter the field of foreign affairs.

It enters it a second time, up to a point, when we understand once and for all that foreign tourists will not *tarry* in this country—and this goes for Americans too—unless we alter the drab life. It is not enough to give visitors special treatment. It's the whole atmosphere. Lessen austerity and there will be more hard currency from this quarter; and goodwill.

PIPING IN THE HAGGIS—THE ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT CEREMONY AT THE 283RD ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH CORPORATION AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: On the left is Mr. R. G. Menzies, the Australian Opposition leader, and third from the left is Mr. Arthur Woodburn, Secretary of State for Scotland. Third from right is Dr. Joseph Moffett, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Corporation. In the chair was Lord Rosebery. Mr. R. G. Menzies, who delivered the principal speech, delivered a plea for a more robust belief in the "Crown Commonwealth," very much in the manner of his recent speech on receiving the freedom of Edinburgh. The drinking of the loyal toast included a toast for "the new arrival"

coloration? Doesn't it abuse the splendid generosity with which this country has been treated by friends overseas? Doesn't it also perchance violate the fair-shares-all-round of which we never hear the end, and which makes me laugh and laugh like once did dear little Audrey. Some of the best meals I've had have been in proletarian cafés with "vittels" off the ration, very much off. But you must be prepared to brave the lion's den.

As December advances, I'm dreaming of a white market. That vanished jewel will never return until money is diverted from some present earmarking so as to provide a range of commodities which are the normal desires or requirements of daily life, yet continue "in short supply," meaning they are just plain not there, save to those who can get in early, operate under the counter, or have contacts with "special delivery" men.

Austerity has been a prime breeder of the decline of moral values. I know people who now are guilty of equivocation and concealment, if not of the next thing to lying itself, people who formerly would have shrunk in horror from any such thing.

The effect of State-contrived scarcity mainly in pleasure-giving lines is to supply the *raison d'être* of a quite lively Black Market which renders a tendency to look down our noses at neighbouring *débrouillardise* rather comical. I quote this definition of the latter: "An extremely French word which means, roughly, cooking one's own potatoes over any handy fire, even if it is a neighbour's burning house."

The increase in robbery—look at the parcels from across the Atlantic and what goes on at

IFE RETURNS TO THE TIDEWAY AND THE CHRISTMAS FLEET SAILS INTO PORT : Two freighters on the move upstream and two going downstream after the fog had cleared on the Thames, and some 200 vessels, which had been held fast in dock or at the estuary of the river, were able to go their ways. Fruit, sugar, nuts, wine, rum and spices were among the Christmas cargoes inward bound for London. Their arrival brought an immediate drop in the prices of certain Christmas commodities in short supply

SHIPPING IN A HURRY

After the Fog Cleared on the Thames

The *Brescia*, with 1,700 tons of dried fruit, the *Canton*, with a cargo including 470 tons of ginger from Hong Kong, and the *Ulujarl*, with 1,200 tons of lemons, dates and filberts from Greece, were among the vessels which sped up the Thames to unload after the fog had temporarily stopped all traffic on the London river. Downstream, and impatient to be off, came another great fleet, and for a period of twenty-four hours after the fog cleared, the tideway presented a picture of bustling activity.

On left — **THE THRONGED TIDEWAY : A busy scene off Tilbury as Thames traffic sped inwards and outwards after a hold-up of several days**

A COMMUNIST DISTRIBUTES ANTI-ELECTION LEAFLETS IN THE BRITISH SECTOR OF THE POTSDAMMERPLATZ: The smiling Berliner passing, unheeding, was typical, and Communist activities found little favour. Western sector police confiscated 50,000 copies of the "Berliner Zeitung," 100,000 of which had been distributed daily.

BERLINERS CAST THEIR VOTES IN LAST SUNDAY'S MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN THE WESTERN SECTORS OF BERLIN: The polling was without serious incident, the violent episodes depicted below having taken place prior to the elections. In some districts polls of 90 to 92 per cent. were recorded. The elections were for 98 of the 130 members of the City Assembly. The remaining 32 members represent the Russian sector, where elections had been banned

THE MUNICIPAL POLL IN BERLIN'S WESTERN SECTORS

Russian propaganda took the line that the results of the elections had been decided by the Western authorities prior to the poll being held. No Communist candidates stood and the percentage of electors who voted was therefore a direct indication of anti-Communist strength. The democratic parties anticipated a vote of 80 per cent. of the electorate, and the final figure of 84·7 per cent. was considered highly satisfactory

REMOVING A COMMUNIST: German police threw him out of the Funkturm Assembly Hall, when Communist agitators tried to interrupt a meeting prior to last Sunday's elections. At some election booths, members of the Socialist Unity Party tried to take the names of voters. They also attempted to intimidate others by declaring that the Russians would be coming soon

WESTERN SECTOR POLICE GRAPPLE WITH COMMUNISTS: Another pre-election scene when Communists got into a Christian Democratic Union party meeting

FIRST AID FOR HECKLERS: These two Communists were severely beaten-up on the day before the elections, when they were ejected from a meeting of the Social Democrat Party which was addressed by Frau Louise Schroeder, whose picture appears on the following page

THE COMMUNISTS HOLD A RALLY IN UNTER DEN LINDEN TO MARK THE SETTING-UP OF A NEW SOVIET-SPONSORED CITY COUNCIL, CLAIMING TO ACT FOR ALL BERLIN: A general view of the gathering made up mainly of political delegations. They carried banners and slogans demanding the removal of the legal Magistrat, which operates from the British Sector of Berlin, and heard a fiery speech from Herr Ebert, son of the first President of the Weimar Republic, who heads the puppet Magistrat as Senior Burgomaster. Commenting on the situation, Major-General Herbert declared: "The antics have a familiar ring about them. They are the culmination of Soviet-inspired attempts to impose the minority will of the Communists on the whole city"

RIVAL COUNCILS IN BERLIN

The Soviet Sponsor Their Own Magistrat

The most delicate situation which has yet arisen in Berlin results from the setting up by the Soviet of a rival City Council seeking to usurp the authority over the whole city of the legal Magistrat, the executive branch of the administration.

The puppet Magistrat occupies the Neues Stadthaus in the Soviet Sector, the legal Magistrat having sought refuge long since in buildings in the British Sector, but how exactly the Russians hope to impose authority upon the British, French and American Sectors remains, at the time of writing, a complete mystery.

The legal Magistrat states that about three-fifths of its officials reported for duty in the Western Sectors after the Soviet coup at the Neues Stadthaus.

THE EMERGENCE OF HERR FRIEDRICH EBERT, SON OF THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE WEIMAR REPUBLIC: Ebert is seen harangueing the crowd of 80,000 which gathered in the Unter den Linden after the setting-up of the Soviet-sponsored City Council in rivalry to the legal Magistrat. Herr Ebert repeated the Russian and Communist demand for the restoration of German unity, a German peace treaty, and the withdrawal of all occupation troops a year after the conclusion of the treaty. He demands that Berlin should become once again the capital of a unified, democratic German republic. Friedrich Ebert's brother, Karl Ebert, has sharply condemned his brother's recent activities, and in an open letter to him declares: "An attempt is being made to dazzle you with the misuse of the name of Friedrich Ebert. Do not be deceived. The first bearer of this name stood on the side of freedom"

THE RETURN OF FRAU LOUISE SCHROEDER: The Mayor of Berlin broadcasting to the people on arrival at the airport from Hamburg. Frau Schroeder fell ill during the summer, and while she has been recuperating at Bad Nauheim her place has been ably taken by Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg

A BRAVE STAND BY DR. FERDINAND FRIEDENSBURG: The Acting Senior Burgomaster of Berlin, who has been deputising for Frau Schroeder, seen in his office at the Neues Stadthaus a few minutes after hearing the news that Herr Friedrich Ebert had been appointed Senior Burgomaster at the head of the rival organisation set up by the Soviet. Friedensburg is telephoning the headquarters of the Markgraf police to ask why the policeman who has entered the room should search his brief-case. After a long altercation the Doctor left the Neues Stadthaus building, and immediately set up his headquarters in the American Sector of the city

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GRAIN CARGOES RACED ACROSS AMERICA'S GREAT LAKES

Canada Ships Her Wheat Before the Winter Freeze-up

The dream of the St. Lawrence Seaway has not yet come true, and it may yet be many years before Atlantic merchant ships sail across the Great Lakes system and direct to the ports of Europe, but the lakes with their vessels of 14-ft. draught, none the less constitute a great commercial highway and a swift and economical means of transporting the grain from the Canadian prairies to the ports and distributing centres of Eastern Canada. During the past few weeks, traffic on the lakes has been at its height, for with the closing of the Great Lakes shipping season near at hand, it has been essential to move millions of bushels of wheat from the elevators on the prairies to the flour mills and storage elevators of the lower lake ports.

Altogether, Canada ships grain to thirty-three countries, and the Great Lakes route from Fort William and Port Arthur, at the western end of Lake Superior, is the main artery of supply. The pictures on these pages show various aspects of this important transportation system, which involves the passage of some of the mightiest locks in the world, notably those at Sault-Ste.-Marie.

A GRAIN BOAT ENTERS LAKE ONTARIO : It is passing through the Welland Canal, bringing grain to Eastern Canada from Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, in the heart of the American continent. At this season of the year shippers are racing the great freeze-up which annually seals the St. Lawrence

WHERE THE GRAIN STARTS ITS JOURNEY ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES : Elevators at Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Here the trains are loaded with their precious cargoes, which are sent through Regina and Winnipeg to the Lake Superior ports of Port Arthur and Fort William, where the grain is loaded aboard ships of 14-ft. draught for the journey across the lakes

THE GRAIN BOAT "SASKADOK" UNLOADS AT PORT COLBORNE, AT THE EASTERN END OF LAKE ERIE, AFTER COMPLETING THE JOURNEY OF 500 MILES FROM PORT ARTHUR, ON LAKE SUPERIOR : An unloading apparatus, mounted on rails, sucks the grain from the vessel's holds and fills the numerous bins of the elevator. A wheat boat arriving in the morning will be emptied of its 200,000 bushels of wheat before middle day, and by nightfall it will have begun the journey back to Fort William

THE LOCKS AT SAULT-STE.-MARIE CONNECTING LAKE SUPERIOR AND LAKE HURON : These form one of the vital links in the chain across the Great Lakes, and of recent weeks, as ships have raced across Lake Superior with their 200,000-bushel cargoes, the locks have presented a spectacle of almost incessant activity. If the St. Lawrence Seaway scheme ever comes to fruition, it is envisaged that Atlantic freighters may one day use the Sault locks

THE GOAL OF THE JOURNEY FOR MANY OF THE GREAT LAKES GRAIN SHIPS : The elevators and flour mills at Port Colborne, Ontario, the headquarters of the Maple Leaf Milling Company. Port Colborne serves the Toronto area

LOADING A GRAIN BOAT AT PORT ARTHUR : From the elevator, with a storage capacity of 7,000,000 bushels, the harvest of the western prairies is loaded for shipment

THE WESTERN WHEAT AFTER PROCESSING INTO FLOUR AT THE PORT COLBORNE MILLS : It is now ready to move on by train to the great distribution centres

THE GUARDS MARCH THROUGH KUALA LUMPUR

And Other Foreign News in Pictures

WITH THE GUARDS IN MALAYA—MEN OF THE 2ND GUARDS BRIGADE TAKING PART IN A MARCH-PAST IN VICTORY AVENUE, KUALA LUMPUR: *Left*—**The salute being taken by Major-General Charles Hamilton Boucher, G.O.C.-in-C. Malaya, as the men of the Grenadier Guards gave "Eyes Right."** *On right*—**The men of the Colour Party of the Grenadiers. Since the 2nd Guards Brigade landed in Malaya they have been engaging in specialised training, and at the time of writing they are about to join the Malayan Police and line regiments of the British Army in a final drive against the Communists. Nearly all the Guardsmen in Malaya had completed their basic training by the time of arrival in the peninsula, and while encamped near Kuala Lumpur it has been their dual task to guard the tin mines and to train for jungle combat. The nature of the Guards' training was shown in a series of pictures in last week's issue of "The Sphere"**

THE SORBONNE HONOURS FOREIGN SCHOLARS—SOME OF THE SCIENTISTS AND MEN OF LETTERS FROM MANY LANDS GATHERED ON THE STAGE OF THE GRAND AMPHITHEATRE OF THE SORBONNE UNIVERSITY TO RECEIVE DEGREES: The Sorbonne has always been famed for the large number of foreign students it attracts. When it was founded in 1252 it was as a hostel for poor students of various nations

On left—Reading from left to right are: M. Fernand de Visscher (wearing medals), Director of the Belgian Academy at Rome; Mr John M. Clark, Economics Professor at Columbia University, New York; Mr. Chovez, Director of the Cardiac Institute of Mexico; M. Reynaldo dos Santos, Professor of the University of Lisbon; M. Emile Briner, Professor of the University of Geneva; Mr. Carl Pauling, Chemistry Professor of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena; Mr. Maiuri, Director of Pompeiian Antiquities at Naples; Sir Jack Drummond, former Professor of Biochemistry at London University, now Director of Research, Boots Pure Drug Company; and Mr. Gorter, Professor of the Leyden, Holland, Pediatric Clinic

THE STOCKHOLM BUS DISASTER—A FATAL PLUNGE OVER THE STORA ESSINGE BRIDGE IN THE SWEDISH CAPITAL: *Left*—**The gap in the balustrade of the bridge after a bus, which had previously collided with a commercial lorry, had fallen 50 ft. into the water below, taking with it fourteen passengers, only one of whom was rescued.** *Right*—**Ten hours after the disaster the wrecked bus is salvaged by a crane operating from the carriageway of the bridge**

GOOD-BYE TO BERLIN FOR THE WINTER : Children going out in a launch to a Royal Air Force Sunderland flying-boat anchored in the Havel Lake, in the American Sector of Berlin. They were flown out together with other delicate and undernourished children, who will spend the next few months in the Western Zones, where they can be better cared for than in the city. Some children have even gone away to France for the winter months, being taken out by Dakotas from Gatow Airport

NEW YORK STAGES A RECEPTION FOR MENACHEM BEIGIN : The former Commander-in-Chief of Irgun Zvai Leumi, and declared enemy of Britain, being welcomed at La Guardia Airport by Mr. James O'Brien (left), the official city greeter. Beigin was fêted on arrival, and a luncheon was given in his honour. The cost price of tickets for the lunch was £12 10s. per head, and all the profits were earmarked for the Palestine cause. Foremost among those who came to welcome the Irgun leader was Ben Hecht, the writer and publicist, who has so vigorously championed the Israelite cause

IN THE WAKE OF THE BOMBAY CYCLONE : A steam launch lying wrecked in the harbour after striking one of the piers and becoming badly holed. This was only one of many casualties in the week-end cyclone which struck Bombay with unparalleled intensity. Meteorologists had predicted a storm, but the port authorities were quite unprepared for its violence. Many ships were sunk, and seventy lives were lost

WRECKAGE LITTERS BOMBAY WATERFRONT : Broken fishing-boats and timber on the foreshore after the cyclone which caused such destruction. The storm lasted twenty hours

TWISTING THE EXISTENTIALIST'S TALE! Jean-Paul Sartre, the French playwright and existentialist philosopher, seen at a recent Press conference in Paris, when he declared that he might take action through the French Embassy in Washington if the American producer Jed Harris did not let him see the American text of his play "Red Gloves." Sartre said that some of his friends had reported that the play, written as a tragedy, had now been given a happy ending

THE ART OF JEAN COCTEAU : The French writer is something more than a magician with words, as witness the way in which he causes the body of starlet Arlette Thomas to disappear, leaving her head upon a tray. Cocteau achieved this piece of conjuring when he visited the Film Exhibition in Paris and demonstrated some of the tricks of film-faking practised by the modern producer

A HAT FOR THE ERUDITE HEAD OF KATHERINE DUNHAM : The coloured ballet star trying on a new creation by Jean Barthet (right) when she visited his establishment in Paris. With her was Marcel Karsinti (left), manager of the Théâtre de Paris, where Miss Dunham is at present appearing. Earlier in the autumn Miss Dunham was in London, appearing in "Caribbean Rhapsody." While in London she gave a lecture before the Royal Anthropological Institute

WHITEHALL THROUGH THE EYES OF CANALETTO : The gateway of the Palace (left) viewed from the area of Richmond House by the great Venetian painter, who was such a brilliant recorder of the eighteenth-century scene in London. The canvas was included in the excellently arranged exhibition of prints, maps and drawings of old Whitehall, which was opened recently in the Board Room of the Old Treasury

THE DRAMA OF WHITEHALL

Once the Thames-side Home of England's Monarchs

The story of Whitehall and Whitehall Palace formed the subject of a fascinating exhibition held at the end of November at the Old Treasury, Whitehall, prints, paintings, maps and drawings all combining to give glimpses of the past glories of this place, which has been the seat of the Government of England for more than 400 years. Henry VIII was the first monarch to reside there, having taken the property from the fallen Wolsey, and with the flight of James II came its twilight. Less than ten years after the accession of Dutch William a fire razed much of the Palace to the ground. The fire started in the afternoon of January 4, 1698, as a result of the activities of a Dutch woman who was attempting to dry some clothes. The Chapel Royal, the Great Hall and the Royal Apartments near the Thames were burnt down, and although William III intended to have the Palace rebuilt by Wren, he never did anything about it, and the Court moved back to St. James's.

The recent exhibition also included prints and drawings relating to the later history of Whitehall, and several of them are also included on these pages.

LAVER'S COFFEE HOUSE, KING STREET, WHITEHALL, 1850 : This water-colour by J. T. Wilson shows the south-western end of King Street, near the corner of Great George Street, with Laver's coffee house adjoining the yard of a tavern called the Blue Boar's Head. It is probable that the site of Laver's was the residence of Mrs. Cromwell, mother of the Lord Protector

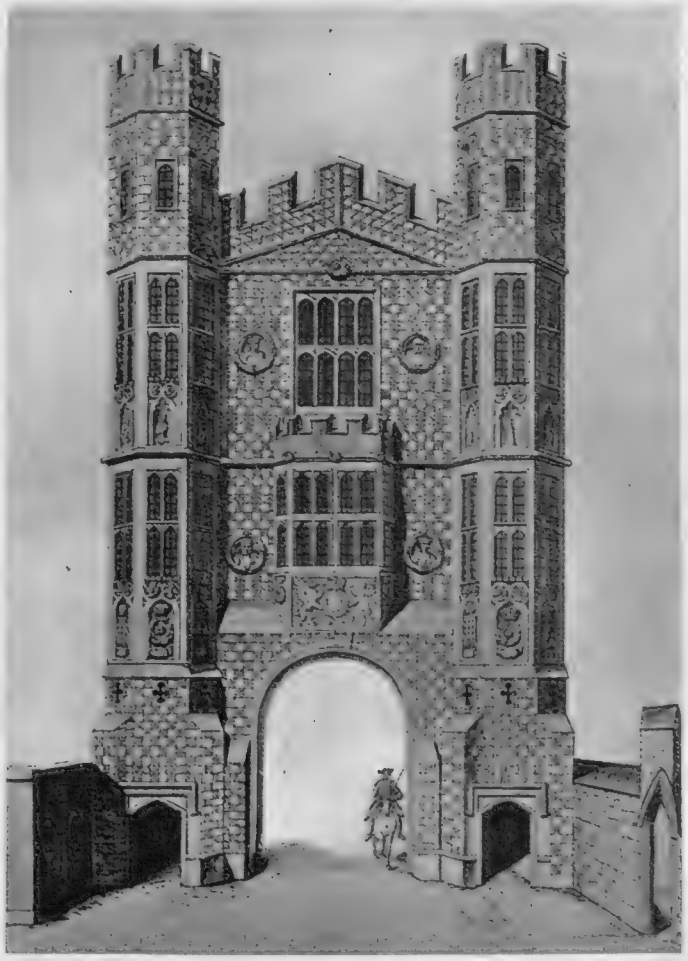
THE BOARD OF TRADE AS IT APPEARED IN 1814 BEFORE SOANE BEGAN HIS NEW FAÇADE IN 1824 : This building was previously the residence of the Duke of Monmouth, and was taken over by the Board of Trade in 1786. On the right of this coloured lithograph, executed by Luke Berrington in 1850, the Royal cypher is seen over the doorway. This is the entrance to the Treasury Passage

THE NEW TREASURY OFFICES IN 1852 : Looking towards Trafalgar Square, a coloured lithograph by E. Walker, showing the new Government offices built by Sir Charles Barry in 1846. Beyond are Dover House and the Horse Guards. The area on the right, now largely occupied by a monster block of Government offices in course of construction, was the site of the celebrated Royal Palace

PAUL SANDBY'S DRAWING OF THE BANQUETING HALL AS IT WAS IN 1766, SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE WHITEHALL FIRE: This old print shows the hall rising above the houses, showing what is now called Horse Guards Parade. When Sandby made his drawing the Court had long since returned to St. James's and the Royal glories of Whitehall had vanished for ever

WHITEHALL UNPAVED AND WITHOUT ITS STATUARY—THE HORSE GUARDS IN 1794: This late eighteenth-century lithograph illustrated Malton's "Tour of London." In certain essentials the frontage has the aspect of to-day, with the sentry boxes on either side of the main gate

THE PALACE OF WHITEHALL AS IT APPEARED IN THE EARLY PART OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES I: On the right is the celebrated gateway said to have been designed by Hans Holbein, and on the left is the Banqueting Hall, one of the few parts of Whitehall Palace that survived the great fire of 1698, and which still stands to-day. The gabled buildings in the centre of the drawing disappeared some time during the second half of the seventeenth century



HOLBEIN GATE AS IT STOOD AT THE NORTH ENTRANCE TO KING STREET, NEAR THE SOUTH END OF THE BANQUETING HALL: The gate possibly received its name through Holbein having lodged there, not through his designing of it. Holbein Gate dates from 1532. It was demolished in 1759. This engraving was executed by Vertue in 1725

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH REPRESENTS THE KING IN HULL: The Duke taking the salute during a march-past of the East Yorks Regiment on the occasion of his visit for the purpose of reopening Hull City Hall. The reopening of the City Hall marks the first big step to restore the amenities of a city which suffered proportionately as much war damage as any in the country. The Duke was given an excited welcome, especially by the children, who were on holiday. They cheered him in the street, and then in the Queen's Hall 1,700 of them sang their special greetings. Besides visiting two factories, inspecting a deep-sea trawler named the *Princess Elizabeth*, and lunching at the City Hall, his Royal Highness asked to be taken to the cocoa mill where ten people were killed and many injured in a recent explosion. Later, at the City Hall, he conveyed to the city the condolences of the King and Queen, and of Princess Elizabeth

THREE ROYAL OCCASIONS

The Duke of Edinburgh in Hull: The Princess Royal with the Royal Scots: Princess Margaret with the Household Cavalry

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT DREGHORN CAMP: Presenting new Colours to the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots, of which she has been Colonel-in-Chief for thirty years. As the Battalion are at present in Trieste, the Colours were placed in the safe keeping of a small detachment, while the traditional ceremonial was performed by the 1st Battalion. In 1911, King George V presented the old Colours, which fell into Japanese hands at the surrender of Singapore, where they had been sent for safety. The King's Colour has never been traced; the Regimental Colour was recovered at the end of the war, but was in no state to be carried on parade, and it has now a place of honour at the Regimental Depot. The Princess Royal, who inspected the Battalion before presenting the Colours, which were afterwards consecrated, recalled in her address that she was present thirty-seven years ago when her father presented the 2nd Battalion's last Colours in Edinburgh. She spoke with regret of the coming amalgamation of the 1st and 2nd Battalions

PRINCESS MARGARET ATTENDS A HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY CONCERT AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS: The concert took place in a hall so fogbound and chilly that the men wore their greatcoats and the women their fur coats throughout the evening. The Princess had a rug wrapped round her knees. Among those at the concert was the twenty-four-year-old Earl of Westmorland, who, a few evenings before, had been in the same party as the Princess at the Café de Paris

THE ROYAL COMMAND FILM SHOW

A Galaxy of Stars in Leicester Square

From 7 p.m. until 7.45 p.m. there was round after round of applause from the throng in fog-bound Leicester Square as leading personalities in the film world were recognised amid the gloom on their arrival at the Empire Cinema for the Royal Command Film Show, *Scott of the Antarctic*. There was a special cheer for John Mills, who plays the lead in this film of a real-life epic. Mills was held up for a long while amid the traffic chaos, partly occasioned by the weather and partly by the show, and eventually his car was found by a search party. The film and variety show lasted nearly four hours, and at 12.30 a.m. fans were still yelling for Ronald Reagan and Alan Ladd.

After the show the Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh met the British and American stars, and they also talked to survivors of Scott's last expedition, headed by Lord Mountevans (Evans of the *Broke*). The Queen said of the film: "I must tell the King about it; he will want to know."

THE QUEEN GREETS THE STARS: Her Majesty, followed by Princess Margaret, meeting prominent personalities in the film world when she attended the Royal Command Film Show at the Empire, Leicester Square, and, in company with an audience of more than 1,000, saw the new film "Scott of the Antarctic." The Queen is seen in conversation with Jack Hulbert, who organised the show, and she is about to be introduced to actress Phyllis Calvert (left). With Princess Margaret is Mr. J. A. Rank. The performance was in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, and it also included a stage show

THE ROYAL PATRONS: Princess Margaret, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at the Empire Cinema. After the show members of the Royal Family met the British and American stars

AFTER THE SHOW THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH MEETS THE STARS: His Royal Highness in the foyer with John Mills, Michael O'Shea and Virginia Mayo. In the film "Scott of the Antarctic," John Mills plays the part of Captain Scott and, without achieving any great facial resemblance to the leader, gives an outstanding performance. He reads some passages from Scott's last Journal in the course of the film

HAMLET AND SCARLET O'HARA: Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier at the Royal Command Performance. It fell to Sir Laurence to read the message from H.M. the King, sending his best wishes

THE BRITISH FLAG FLIES OVER THE LONELIEST POST OFFICE IN THE WORLD : The British camp at Marguerite Bay, sometimes known as "the hell-hole of the Antarctic," one of the seven outposts of Graham Land established by the Survey of the Falkland Islands Dependencies with a view to obtaining weather information and examining the resources of the area. From one of these bases at Hope Bay there recently came news that two members of the Survey had met their deaths when their hut was burned down.

ONE WAY OF KEEPING CONTACT IN ANTARCTICA : This plane, equipped with skis in place of landing-wheels, has been used by the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey. The American Expedition to Marguerite Bay, led by Commander Finn Ronne in 1947, also found a ski-equipped plane of great value, but transport by dog sledge is by no means outmoded

AMID THE GRAHAM LAND WASTES

The British Bases Manned By Our Scientists in the Antarctic

Graham Land, Dependency of the British Colonial Territory of the Falkland Islands, to parts of which both Chile and the Argentine have laid claim, has lately been in the news again as a result of the misfortunes involving the present expedition. The death of Eric Platt, the geologist, owing to exposure, was followed by the deaths of Lieutenant Oliver Burd and Michael Green, when their hut at Hope Bay was burned down. All the seven bases set up by the British explorers are, at the time of writing, isolated, but when the snow clears somewhat an opportunity will be taken for a full enquiry. Meanwhile, a relief ship is outward bound from Southampton to the Antarctic, and in due course the expedition's bases will be relieved. The most important of the bases is at Marguerite Bay, described by Admiral Byrd as "Antarctica's hell-hole," on account of its dire weather conditions, and this figures in some of the pictures which are reproduced on these pages

TREPASSEY HOUSE ALMOST ENGULFED BY THE SNOW : Members of the Graham Land Expedition outside one of their huts. Large quantities of snow add considerably to the warmth of such quarters

THE BASE AT MARGUERITE BAY SHROUDED IN SNOW : This base of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey is on Stonington Island, off the west coast of Graham Land. In 1947 it was the scene of an international incident when Commander Finn Ronne, leader of an American party, raised the Stars and Stripes on territory within the British Commonwealth. The incident was amicably settled when the American State Department declared that it laid no territorial claims

FANTASTIC SNOW SHAPES FORMED BY THE ANTARCTIC GALES : Snowdrifts like this mean trouble for the sledging parties. Recent heavy snow in Graham Land is reported to have isolated all the bases of the Survey Expedition, and news of the disaster at Hope Bay, where a hut was burnt down, was long delayed in reaching Marguerite Bay. As a result of the Survey's work, our knowledge of Graham Land increases vastly from year to year, and, as a result of recent operations, it is now known definitely that it is linked with the mainland of Antarctica, and that the so-called Stefansson Strait is a myth

THE FALCONS OF PRESTWICK

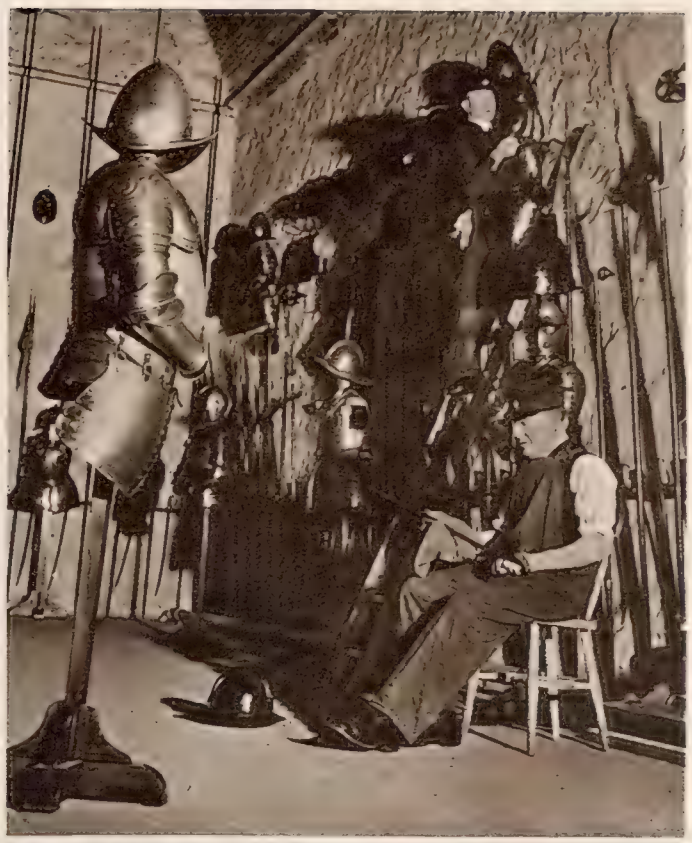
Peregrines to Keep the Runways Clear of Birds

"SEANA" WITH HER SAILS OUTSTRETCHED—ONE OF THE FALCONS AT PRESTWICK AIRPORT SITTING OUT OF DOORS UPON THE BLOCK, ONE END OF THE LEASH BEING ATTACHED TO THE JESSES ON THE LEGS: It is one of five Peregrine Falcons now on duty at the Scottish airport, and charged with the task of keeping the runways clear of birds, which last year caused no fewer than thirteen accidents. The falcons do two-hour spells of duty from dawn to dusk, and are proving most effective. The idea of keeping runways clear in this manner is not absolutely new, and it is said to be equally successful at the R.A.F. stations at Coltishall and Driffield. The Peregrine Falcon belongs to the long-winged, dark-eyed variety, in common with the Lanner Saker

READY FOR A DAY'S WORK: Two falcons at Prestwick tethered by the jesses to a canvas-covered rail. They receive a daily bath, and their diet includes fresh raw rabbit or pigeon

THE FALCONER AND HIS TEAM: *On left and right*—Carrying the birds on his left hand, leaving the right free for detaching leash and swivel and removing the hoods, the falconer comes out on to the aerodrome at Prestwick. The falcons are secured by jesses on the legs, and to one leg is attached by means of a bewit a spherical brass bell. The hood is simply a cap of leather made to fit the head in such a manner as to obscure the light, a single aperture only being left, through which the beak protrudes. There is a slit behind, which is opened and closed when the hood is put on and off by means of braces. By temporarily blindfolding the hawk it sits perfectly quiet, preventing it from "banting" or fluttering, which might do considerable damage to the feathers

CLEANING UP DOVER CASTLE: Custodian of the Keep Harry Leeming (right) and John Hulse carry a suit of armour from the workshop where it has been cleaned, back to the castle. Each year approximately 70,000 people visit the castle, and the opportunity is taken during the winter to "spring-clean" the walls and collection of armour



IN THE BANQUETING HALL: The armour and firearms date from the seventeenth century. Custodian Leeming is polishing a sword. The walls of the hall are getting a much-needed clean, the pikes and halberds polished and the armour greased

CLEANING DOVER CASTLE

The Armour and the Ancient Walls are Prepared for Next Year's Army of Sightseers

THE CUSTODIAN OF DOVER CASTLE LOOKS OUT OVER THE HARBOUR: In the left centre can be seen the Pharos, or light tower, the lower part of which is Roman, and the fortress church, of Romano-British or Saxon origin, now used as a garrison church. Custodian Harry Leeming, a sixty-two-year-old ex-police inspector, lives in a tower over the moat and is well known to visitors. The old towers of the castle still bear the names of Norman governors

Dover was the first of the Cinque Ports and is situated on the point nearest to the coast of France. The main, ancient fortification is Dover Castle, 375 ft. above sea-level on the celebrated chalk cliffs to the east of the town. Parts of the present building date back to Saxon and Norman times. It is believed that a castle existed previous to the Norman Conquest. The Norman sallyport was excavated in 1924. The castle contains a fine collection of armour and the Long Gun, sometimes called "Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol," the 24-ft.-long brass cannon which was cast at Utrecht in 1544. Dover castle is a favourite call for holiday-makers and sightseers, and there is little opportunity during the summer to keep the walls and the exhibits clean. But winter brings a respite, and the Custodian and his assistants set to work to prepare the exhibits for the new year.

MT. GAMBIER'S CORALINE LIMESTONE VILLAS

How a South Australian Town is Tackling its Housing Problem

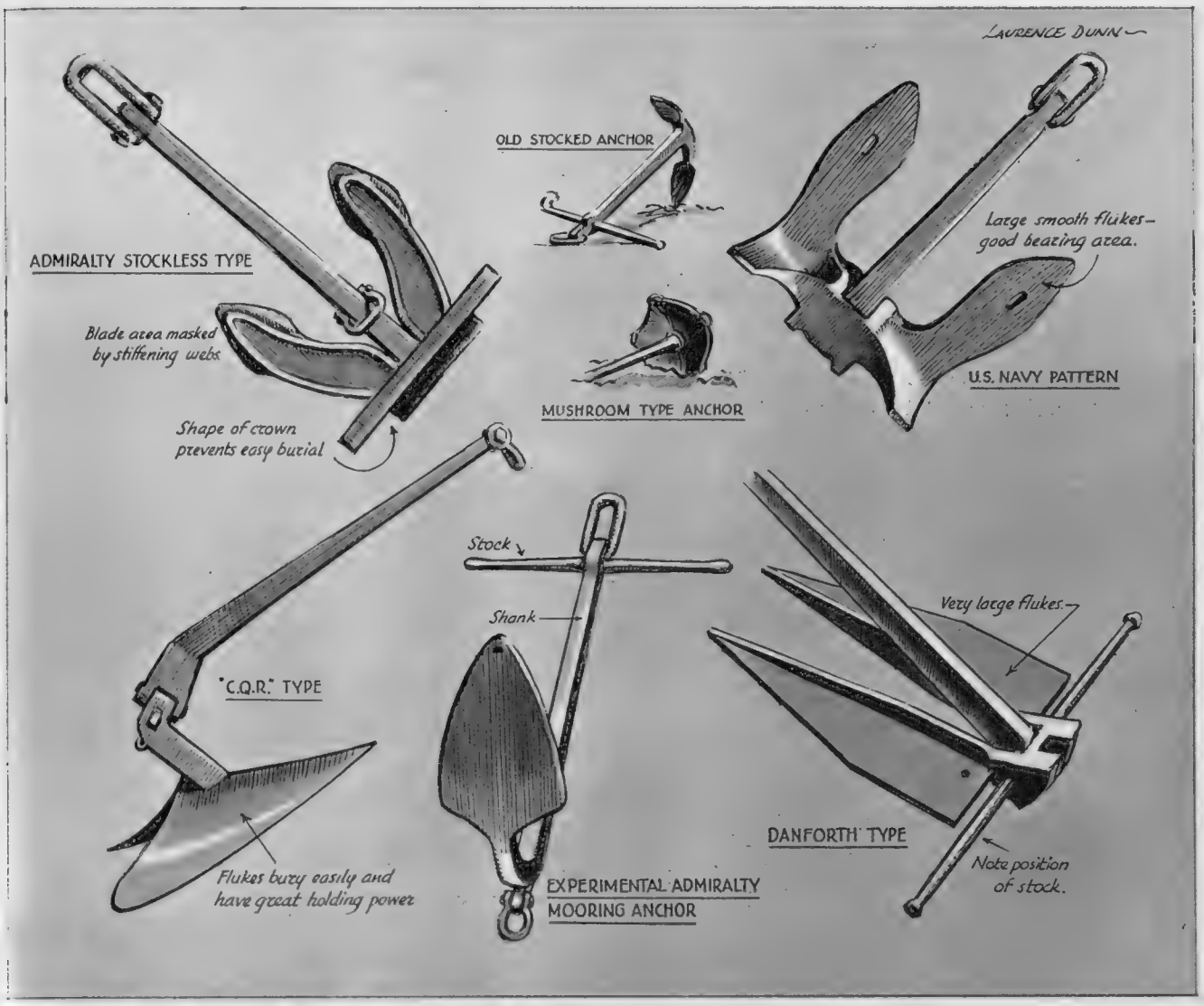
Mount Gambier, lying in the far south of South Australia some 230 miles by rail from Adelaide, and not far from the Glenburnie railhead on the Victorian border, is a township that has to tackle its building problems in its own way, for bricks are scarce in Grey County, and rail haulage is out of the question if the price of the modern home is to be kept within decent limits. The local builders have solved the problem by using the local coraline limestone. Round Mount Gambier coraline limestone exists in vast quantities, and there are at least four quarries engaged in supplying it. These pictures show how the 2-ton limestone blocks are delivered to the building sites, and how the local builders set about their task of cutting it into suitable lengths. Some of the work reaches a high standard of craftsmanship, and John Lock, a highly-skilled carver, takes a pride in creating "porches of distinction"

BUILDING A HOUSE FROM CORALINE LIMESTONE: A villa at Mount Gambier, Grey County, South Australia, under construction from blocks of the locally quarried stone

IT CUTS LIKE BUTTER! Masons at work cutting coraline limestone into building sizes. In the centre is Mr. Cyril Telford, an expert sawyer. Most of the blocks are in 2-ft. lengths. Any imperfections on the limestone's surface are made to face inwards

HOW THE BUILDING MATERIAL ARRIVES ON THE SITE: Two 2-ton blocks of coraline limestone ready for cutting up into sizes suitable for building. Bricks are not an economic proposition

THE FIRST STAGES AND THE FINISHED PRODUCT: *Left*—Cyril Telford using the big saw to cut the raw material, and (*right*) one of the completed houses. The arches over the front porch of Sunny-View were hand-carved by Mr. John Lock, a member of the building team, who takes a particular pride in this work. In a year or two Mount Gambier hopes to have completely solved its post-war housing problem



SOME OF THE MANY AND VARIED ANCHORS IN USE TO-DAY: The Admiralty stockless pattern (above, on the left) is typical of the many conventional types now in use, most of which suffer in efficiency by having the bearing surface of the flukes marred by projecting stiffeners. Often, too, the shape of the crown prevents the anchor burying itself easily. The U.S. Navy pattern anchor is better in both these respects, although the shape of the crown is not deemed to be perfect. In the recent combined Admiralty and Air Ministry anchor tests, the mushroom type, much used by Trinity House for the mooring of lightships, has been found to be less efficient than was expected. The "C.Q.R." and the Danforth makes have both acquitted themselves well, and have demonstrated their remarkable holding power. In good ground the "C.Q.R." type is capable of holding from forty to eighty times its own weight—*Special "Sphere" Drawings by L. T. Dunn*

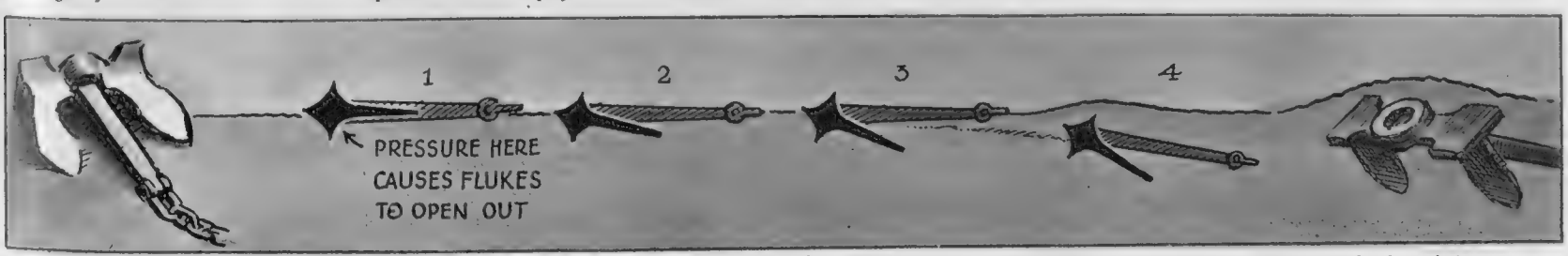
TESTING ANCHORS for EFFICIENCY

Admiralty Research at Chesil Beach

During the past few years much research has been conducted by the Admiralty in the design of anchors, and as a first result a 5½-ton mooring anchor has been designed which is four times as efficient as older standard types of equal weight. Research began during the war, and has been carried on intermittently since then, first at Pwllheli and later at Horsea Island, Portsmouth. This year a more suitable site by the Chesil Beach has been chosen. There the sandy beach is practically flat, and there is little rise of tide, the water being sufficiently shallow to permit the action of the anchors being studied even at high water. Between the towing lorry and the anchor is a Statimeter, or force recorder, and this measures the force necessary to drag the anchor and also the force it will just hold without dragging. A 10,000-lb. U.S. Navy anchor is also being tested, but perhaps most interesting of all is the performance of two patent anchors of unusual design, a British anchor called the "C.Q.R." and the American-designed Danforth. The latter is remarkable for the re-introduction of the stock close and parallel to the flukes, the opposite to traditional practice. Its addition gives greatly improved stability, for the normal stockless type is very liable to twist over on its side and pull out. The "C.Q.R.", with its ploughshare fluke, appears to be the most efficient anchor yet designed.

THE SITE AT EAST FLEET, PORTLAND, ON THE LANDWARD SIDE OF THE CHESIL BEACH, WHERE THE ADMIRALTY ANCHOR TESTS ARE CARRIED OUT: A shallow tidal lagoon, it is situated by the road linking Portland with the mainland. Nearly a score of chains radiate in a quarter circle from a central ring to a double row of 3-cwt. concrete blocks buried in the sand. The anchors are laid at low tide and the mooring wire leads to a treble purchase, then through a pulley attached to the central ring, then through more purchase gear, the end being made fast to a heavy six-ton lorry with four-wheel drive. Carrying a portable wireless set on his back, the expert in charge of operations can control the lorry as he stands knee-deep by the Statimeter, which records the pull on the nearby anchor. The gantry on the left—soon to be completed—will be employed for the testing of scale models of complete moorings

TESTING THE ANCHORS OF THE ROYAL NAVY: Mr. P. Pearce, an Admiralty draughtsman (Experimental Division), is seen knee-deep in water as he reads the Statimeter, an instrument for measuring the force necessary to drag an anchor. On the left is Mr. N. Honey, Assistant Contractor, with a "walkie-talkie" apparatus which he uses for maintaining contact with the lorry on the beach which exerts the pull



THE CORRECT SEQUENCE OF EVENTS AFTER AN ANCHOR HAS BEEN DROPPED: On left, and in 1, it is resting flat on the sea-bed. With a steady drag the pressure on the underside of the crown forces the flukes to turn downward. In 3, they have opened to their full angle, after which the whole anchor is dragged below ground

PLANNING THE MODERN MOTORWAYS OF BRITAIN—AN IMPORTANT EXHIBITION AT BERKELEY SQUARE HOUSE : *Left*—Mr. Alfred Barnes, the Minister of Transport, pointing out a feature of road design after opening the exhibition of road models in the West End. The exhibition had previously been in the House of Commons to help members in their consideration of the Special Roads Bill. *Right*—A model showing a two-level intersection with bridges and tunnels to take subsidiary roads. Not only are there models of the countryside showing the way it is proposed that the new roads should blend with it, but the new methods of aerial photography being used for the building of the models are also demonstrated. Models will be built of all difficult areas in the country, on a scale of 25 ins. to the mile, as a guide to the layout of roads

A RECORD OF THE HOME NEWS

Events in London and the Provinces

A GATHERING AT THE SWEDISH EMBASSY THAT CAUSED A POLITICAL CONTROVERSY : The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden (standing, left-centre) with Lord Jowitt, the Lord Chancellor, and Sir Stafford Cripps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the reception given by the Swedish Ambassador and Madame Hagglof. The reception was officially described as being in honour of Mr. Rickard Sandler and other members of the Swedish Parliamentary Delegation in London, but four of the eight Swedish M.P.s were not present. The Ambassador later explained that the four, including the Liberal, Dr. Bertil von Friesen, were not asked because "I have not enough plates." The Ambassador further explained : "We have not had time to settle in. I brought over only the family dinner service, for twelve. If I invited all the M.P.s, in addition to the other guests, the guests would number sixteen. My big dinner service will not arrive in London from Sweden until February. Then I can invite up to thirty-six people"

SIR STAFFORD AND THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENTARIANS WHO WERE INVITED TO THE SWEDISH EMBASSY : Mr. Rickard Sandler, former Social Democrat Premier; Dr. Gunnar Hedlund, Farmers' Party, and Professor Andren, former Conservative Education Minister, arriving at the Swedish Embassy in Portland Place for the dinner given by the Ambassador and also attended by Sir Stafford Cripps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (right). Dr. Bertil von Friesen, spokesman of the uninvited members of the delegation, declared in an interview : "We think there is a political reason. Even those who are going are angered"

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON—COLLEGERS AND OPPIDANS FIGHT THEIR ANNUAL BATTLE, AND THE FOG OF WAR (MORE THAN EVER) ENVELOPS THE PROCEEDINGS : Spectators watch from the summit of the Wall as the players struggle below. The game was played in fog, and resulted in a pointless draw

PROTAGONISTS IN THE POINTLESS GAME : Collegers and Oppidans sucking their lemons at half-time during the match played on St. Andrew's Day at Eton, in the midst of a fog and in the presence of a sprinkling of spectators. After three years of pointless draws the Oppidans won a clear-cut victory in 1947, but this year there was no score at all and, in the opinion of experts on the game, there never seemed likely to be one. The match was the first ever to be televised

BALLERINA IN PLASTER: Miss Margot Fonteyn leaving St. Bartholomew's Hospital with her leg in plaster following the injury she sustained ten minutes before the final curtain on the first night at Covent Garden when the Sadler's Wells Ballet returned to its headquarters

SIMON CALLS FOR A TIT-BIT AT THE KITCHEN WINDOW: This Himalayan bear is the pet of Miss Ruby Vinning, who runs a pony stud farm at Towcester, Northants. In addition to ponies Miss Vinning keeps a llama, deer, and performing dogs

BOUND FOR KUALA LUMPUR: Miss Kathleen Eastaugh, of Windlesham, Surrey, the twenty-six-year-old daughter of a sculptor, has been appointed by the Colonial Office as the first Almoner to Malaya. When she reaches Kuala Lumpur she will have to start from scratch. Miss Eastaugh has resigned from her jobs as Almoner of the Rowley Bristow Orthopædic Hospital at Byfleet, and chairman of the Windlesham Parish Council

RED TAPE NEARLY COST HIM HIS LIVELIHOOD: The Minister of Health has given special permission to enable Mr. Stanley Kitchener Romeril, an ex-Serviceman, to go on making carpets in the old Army hut in which he lives at Bracknell, Berks. Easthampstead Rural District Council had told Mr. Romeril that he had broken his housing agreement by working carpet looms in his hut, and the Minister's intervention has come in time to prevent him losing his home or his livelihood. Mr. Romeril was blown up in a tank in Normandy and he was for a time dumb

HIS CANES ARE ANTISEPTIC: Mr. Eric Wildman, of Blackhorse Lane, Walthamstow, London, who was caned by pupils of Horsley Hall, "self-expression" school, Eccleshall, Staffordshire, while delivering a lecture on the merits of caning. It appears that as Mr. Wildman was stressing the virtues of "six of the best," he was set upon by several boys and received six strokes from his special "antiseptic cane," a smoky Malacca (price, 11s.), "very pliant and punishing." Mr. Wildman complained to the headmaster and then to the local police. Mr. Wildman, president of the National Society for the Retention of Corporal Punishment, supplies 10,000 schools at home and overseas with canes. In this photograph he is seen with his secretary, who supports the ideals of her chief. Around the room are various specimens of his wares. Mr. Wildman told the audience at his Horsley Hall lecture: "You may think me an ogre, but corporal punishment is a commonsense doctrine"

THE LAST CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF ROMANO'S, IN EDWARDIAN DAYS ONE OF LONDON'S MOST FASHIONABLE RESTAURANTS: The auctioneer selling a tea and coffee service during the disposal of the fittings and equipment at the celebrated restaurant in the Strand. Romano's began in 1874, when Alphonso Nicolino Romano, an Italian waiter, bought a fried-fish shop in the Strand. Within a short while it became the haunt of young bucks and the Gaiety Girls. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, and as King, visited Romano's

LOT 228 (SIX COPPER SAUCEPANS) FETCHED SEVENTY POUNDS AT THE ROMANO'S AUCTION: Bidding was brisk and prices were high. Forty-five champagne glasses went for £12 12s., and nine brandy balloon glasses went for £17. When the restaurant is sold, an American company will take over the site

TOYS FOR THE BOYS OF 1948

And Dolls, for the Girls, with Real Skin

By CHARLES GRAVES

CHRISTMAS toys this winter will be better than even before the war though, naturally, very much more expensive. It is only in the last two or three months that the manufacturers have had a real chance to make what they want, now that wood and cast metal have become so much freer. True, there is still a price-control order in operation which permits manufacturers only a 6 per cent. profit, but in assessing this they are allowed to take into consideration various overheads, including the expenses of their travellers.

In the meantime, the quota on toys has been removed. In fact, the ban on manufacturing has gone. Anybody can make them: but fewer are doing so. While the ban existed, small back-street firms made all kinds of cheap little toys out of soap-boxes and the like: to-day many of them are out of business.

Already the Board of Trade target of an export of £420,000 of toys per month has been passed. Mr. Harold Wilson, indeed, says that it has reached £500,000 a month. This is made much more easy, of course, by the fact that in most countries there is a partial ban on German toys, of which only a token 20 per cent. of the pre-war imports is permitted.

To-day the largest toy manufacturers in the world is a British firm which has factories in Canada, New Zealand, Merton and Manchester. They have their own special designers of toys, and this year are producing a doll with real skin. Other new toys this year are remote-control toy motor-cars; tortoises which also work by remote control; toy telephones; a new-style magic lantern; and various small-scale reproductions of engineering products like gantry cranes, wringers and trolleys. There is also a so-called mobile bronco (rocking-horses are going out). This toy is a mechanical horse which the child can propel by pressing on the stirrups, something on the principle of a bicycle. Toy soldiers are selling as well as ever, particularly in the export market.

A glance at this year's annual export review of the British toy industry published by the trade organ *Games and Toys*, shows that the British toy-making industry is definitely taking advantage of the situation. And yet a few months ago the industry was in the doldrums. Toymen, as they call themselves, could not ever remember a greater slump than the one which occurred in March. The trade, in fact, was at a complete standstill. Neither public nor retailers were inclined to buy stock until after the Budget, on the off-chance that there would be a cut in purchase tax. Even when this was announced, it appeared to have little immediate effect upon the trade.

It might have been thought that the British Industries Fair in May would have helped the industry. In fact, it was the worst B.I.F. on record, and dozens of new firms which exhibited in the hopes of selling a year's output in a fortnight were very badly disappointed. But in spite of all this, things were on the turn. Although the easy money of the war years had been spent, most seaside visitors had enough money to buy buckets and spades for their children and a present to take home; and toyshops suddenly found themselves short of stock. This necessitated a visit to the wholesalers, and while in the warehouses the toy-shop owners were tempted to spend more than they had originally intended.

To make the right toys for very small children—between the ages of one and four—the designer has to be able to think with the mind of a child. Years of experience have taught him, among other things, that any simple educational toy which employs the screwing motive is bound to be of interest. Colours also attract, for which reason plastics have become the ideal medium for toys for babies and young children, because the colour is an integral part of the material and cannot be removed. As they can be washed indefinitely they are completely hygienic.

Young children also love toys with interlocking features. It does not really matter if the child fails to understand the principle at first: he will have great fun with it, anyway. After a time he will understand the idea, so that he can build a high tower without it falling over, which will give a great feeling of satisfaction and perhaps encourage him to experiment further.

For older children there are this year a great many toys which can be described as Hoppycraft Playthings—complete sets of tools and equipment for a wide variety of things to make. Many people are bewailing very rightly the rapid disappearance of the craftsman. These toys, which are more than toys, are sure to encourage youngsters to carve wood or make models, just as the child who likes to pull the watch to pieces will later be interested in what makes a motor-car tick; so that the boy who is encouraged to do fretwork, for example, is likely to prove keen to build his own home furniture later on in life. Toy tools which are primarily meant for fretwork are equally useful for toy-making, model-making, cutting jigsaw puzzles and cutting sheet plastic or light woodwork of any kind. Pattern sheets provide an amusing range of things to make. On them are provided the outline of parts with their particulars of thickness, and the constructive ingenuity of the boy craftsman is brought into play. He can make a miniature ship or a large replica of an historical galleon: he can make a simple pull-along toy, an elaborate model of Buckingham Palace, a novel automatic cigarette-box or a pictorial picture frame.

Personally, I am delighted to see that one can still buy plasticine from the firm which made it when I was a child, that snakes and ladders and draughts are as popular as ever. Spillikins seem to have gone out. I note with regret that Dean's Rag Books are for export only, with many other good toys.

Naturally, the small boy of 1948 is fascinated by model aeroplanes. The new "Mark V" fighters, gliders and sailplanes are being sold in large quantities. Small girls will find any number of miniature but beautifully made dolls' perambulators. Chess, dominoes, dice, draughts are in great demand, more so than cribbage and solitaire. All-British roulette wheels and the green-marked cloth to go with them are, of course, more adult toys!

As one glances through the lists of British playthings one notices that more and more toys are being made of plastic and rubber. For six long years it was impossible to buy rubber balls. Water-pistols are back again, and various new card games on the lines of Happy Families are there for the asking. One of them, "Shipping," a so-called mercantile trading game played with dice, is ideal for learning geography, because the board is a map of the world. Toy soldiers are now being made of unbreakable plastic instead of lead. Toy trains are naturally on sale all over the place. Card cricket is said to bring into your home the thrills of a Test Match as you watch the runs and extras go up on a highly ingenious miniature scoring-board.

For the more bellicose children there are well-made working models of the modern anti-aircraft gun with gear-operated elevation on a swivel base, the projectiles being fired by means of caps loaded in shell-cases. There is also a horribly realistic model of a twin-barrel, spring-operated naval pom-pom which fires single shots or a stream of twenty projectiles, the barrels automatically revolving with each shot.

A very interesting new toy, which is also educative, is a child's time-teacher. When a lever is depressed once, the minute-hand will move through five minutes. If the action of the lever is repeated, it will move the hour hand. A bell rings once each hour.

Tin whistles which can play any tune are, I am glad to say, reserved for export; but dozens of firms seem to be making Christmas crackers again.

THE COTTAGE FOR H.R.H. THE BABY IS FIRST DISPLAYED AT OLYMPIA: Three firemen who, during the war, made toys in their spare time for nurseries, have constructed this 10-ft.-high Tudor cottage, which has been accepted by Princess Elizabeth as a gift for the baby Prince. The cottage is being shown to the public during the ten-day fair opened by Mrs. Attlee at Olympia, in aid of the Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund. The cottage has two doors large enough to enable children up to the age of ten to walk in and out, and all the furniture inside is on a scale to suit young children

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AT PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL: The choir rehearsing for their Christmastide performance. The boys are singing as they walk in stately procession from the vestry to the choir-stalls, where they will practise under Peterborough's choirmaster

THE ARTISTS' QUARTER OF MONTMARTRE

Picasso Designs Pottery; the "Catherinettes" Hold Their Annual Festivity

"PASSAGE INTERDIT": A narrow-paved track between the gardens of old houses on the hill of Montmartre, where artists still find isolation near the heart of the city. This attractive picture shows a part of Montmartre little known to the tourist, who seldom strays from the night-club area round the Place de Clichy or Sacre-Cœur, on the summit of the hill. At the entrance to one of the gardens, local artists have set up a notice on an old block of stone which says: "Here harmony, boundless friendship and work rule." It is signed by D'Esparbes, Feola, Vertex, Mangematin and others

A PLACE WHERE PAINTERS MEET IN MONTMARTRE: The rough bench, the table with its odds and ends of painters' tools and the easel all bespeak the artists who gather here in this backyard of one of the old houses in Montmartre. The lettering on the back of the bench was put there by Utrillo, and reads: "Painting is a dumb art which cannot be explained"

PABLO PICASSO WITH ONE OF HIS LATEST WORKS: The celebrated Spanish-Parisian artist has been making plates and pottery bowls and vases to his own designs of recent months. Here he is seen with one of his exhibits at the "Maison de la Pensée Française" in Paris. Picasso is perhaps the greatest experimentalist in art of all time. Since the early years of the century, he has been surprising and often shocking both the art critics and the general public. Of his many "periods," best known are the blue period, the pink period, cubism, dadaism and surrealism. For many years now his work has commanded high prices. One picture, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," to be exhibited at the Institute of Contemporary Arts Exhibition at the Academy Hall in Oxford Street, has been valued at £7,500. It is being lent by the New York Museum of Modern Art

PARIS "CATHERINETTES" CELEBRATE THE FÊTE OF ST. CATHERINE, PATRON SAINT AND PROTECTOR OF SPINSTERS: The traditional ceremony and festivities took place in Paris on the 25th of last month. On the left, Josephine Baker joined the "Catherinettes" in the evening at the Hotel Continental, where the twenty-five-year-old spinsters donated their costume hats to the French gratitude train, after their day of festivities. The bonnet held by Miss Baker was made to represent a baby's cradle in honour of Princess Elizabeth's baby. Extreme right is Lucienne Collet, "Mlle Catherinette" of 1948. On the right, four "Catherinettes" walk in the Champs Élysées. The costumes of the pair on the left are evidently inspired by Madame Butterfly and Pinkerton. The traditional fête is celebrated by all unmarried girls of twenty-five years of age, and in particular by the midinettes and seamstresses of the big dressmaking houses. They parade the streets of Paris wearing their traditional bonnets, and they dance, feast and generally make merry

A Royal Commission to inquire into the law on gambling is to be set up by the Government after Christmas.—NEWS ITEM

New Lamps and Old

THE NOT-SO-GAY GAMBLERS

The Sorrows of Payne and Brummell

By JOHN GORE

WHEN the subject of gambling is discussed and famous gamblers on the Turf and at the card table are named, it is all too common to assume that the great gambler before his final catastrophe is a member of a gay fraternity soaring on the wings of hope in a joyous sunlit sky.

It would be quite a surprising and novel suggestion to the unthinking or uninformed mind to propound that such men from the very start of their career of folly have often been miserably conscious of inevitable doom, and below the surface of a conventional or wine-induced veneer of gaiety, have been tragically unhappy men very well aware that they suffer from an incurable disease and must await a dismal end with what fortitude they can muster.

Such a proportion might be difficult to prove as a generalisation, but it could certainly be done in the case of some famous men who have passed into history through their notorious addiction to the vice.

Among these, George Payne, a charming fellow, a great Master of Hounds, "without an enemy in the world," stands out, his name linked in a trinity with two more of his breed, whose careers followed with curious exactitude, and under very similar conditions, the inexorably marked course of doom—Jack Mytton and George Osbaldeston.

Osbaldeston (*b.* 1787), Mytton (*b.* 1796) and Payne (*b.* 1803) all entered the world at a period when men of their type and class were dragging down responsibility and reason to a new low record. Each lacked parental discipline, each inherited a handsome fortune and began to squander it before the hair grew on their faces. If Mytton early revealed a taint of lunacy, he was not ill educated, and would quote Horace in his cups. Osbaldeston was in many ways balanced, a past-master of every sport and a man to whom deference was paid by responsible men. Payne, like Osbaldeston, knew all there was to know of hounds, horses and hunting, and all his life received the deference which Englishmen pay to great Ms.F.H., and he was widely and deservedly loved by nearly everybody who knew him.

Mytton died young. Osbaldeston and Payne lived to a ripe old age and well into the time when sanity and sense and responsibility had regained control among their class and type.

But both carried on to the end the reckless behaviour which characterised so many of their kind (the wealthy squires) at the end of the eighteenth century.

They lived and died as doomed men, suffering from a disease which from the very start they knew to be incurable by their own efforts—and they were unhappy, doom-conscious men. The gaiety was forced, the convention was kept going by sheer courage.

George Payne. — Here are the brief facts concerning George Payne's early years which explain a letter which he wrote to a relative in 1831, when he was only twenty-eight years old. His mother sent him to Christ Church. He was sent down in debt to the tune of £40,000, his whole time there being squandered in gambling and hunting.

He came into his inheritance in 1824, Sulby Hall and a big acreage with a £17,000-a-year rent roll, plus a quarter-million in the funds, say £30,000 a year. From the day of his majority, he literally threw the money away. He was the unluckiest owner that the race-course ever knew. Hosts of hangers-on battened on him and fattened off him.

This is what he wrote to John Payne in 1831, when he was only twenty-eight:—

43, Clarges Street,
June 12th, 1831.

MY DEAR JOHN.

I enclose you a cheque for £300 at two months.

Things go on as unprosperously as they well can with me, and to tell you the honest truth, unless it pleases God to amend my whole state in body as well as mind I care but little how soon the whole affair terminates. I plead guilty to having brought the whole upon myself, and richly deserve any pains of either body or conscience I now experience. But nevertheless a man cannot long bear up against mortifications and torments of every kind: they speedily render life disgusting, and when that is once the case, farewell to happiness. I have neither won nor lost by the year, but expenses fall very heavy after keeping a country house full all the winter, and my affairs become gradually more and more embarrassed. William has again failed at Cambridge and I am told is in debt to a large amount. Mary is in excellent health, but has lost all taste for society and life, and gives up her whole time to religion and assisting the poor around Sulby. This, however extraordinary it may appear in one so young, is being on the right side, and as she appears very happy, I do not regret it. The change that has come over the whole family is both sudden and melancholy. I have long ceased to know what happiness means: my breast has long been a stranger to joy of any description, and the ever-haunting thought of what I am, and what I might have been, is literally consuming me. If any good should by accident happen, you shall hear it, but writing such an epistle as this can give no pleasure to either reader or writer.

Yours very sincerely,
GEORGE PAYNE.

George Payne lived on to 1878, dying at the age of seventy-five. His propensity to gamble on anything never left him. It was only modified in extent in the very last years when he lived on a pittance arranged by his friends.

The point I make here is that, though laughter and "gaiety" followed him wherever he went, there is evidence equally spaced over his life, in a dozen letters (from a packet in possession of his namesake at Billericay in Essex) not less tragic; that he *never* knew "what happiness means" and that "his breast was a stranger to joy of any description" all his long life through. Here is a career for moralists to cite!

Beau Brummell's End.—One more letter from that packet is also for moralists and social historians! George Brummell, the friend of princes and arbiter of fashion for many years, is a figure well known in social history. As a gambler he was small fry compared with George Payne. Yet, like Payne, he gambled all his life and wasted his talents and threw his chances away.

Here is his last letter to John Payne, never before published. It is beautifully written in a scholarly fashion. It corrects one or two statements in his *D.N.B.* biography.

Extract letter from Beau Brummell at Caen to John Payne at Tours, introducing a new resident at Tours.

Caen, June 22nd, 1833.

MY DEAR PAYNE,

Allow me as an old friend to introduce Mr. Villiers to you. . . .

During my residence here he has extended much hospitality to me. He is a plain, well-meaning man with more concealed in his store-room than you at first perceive in his shop window.

. . . His fortune is, at least in this Country, considerable. Disposed to whist, piquet and écarté in a *quiet* way, but . . . not worth your attention.

Hard and rugged times, my dear Payne! And as these dominant Whigs* have abolished my place and its contingent bread, I am at present left to gnaw bones with the animals in the street. All up, among the generality of our former friends in England — the Jerseys, Tankervilles *cum multis aliis* upon the Wing for France in search of retrenchment and economy — poor Foley dead and among my more recollective intimate associates of other days, Alvanley and Worcester, at length, as Falstaff says, "for the Town's end for life." This is all very melancholy, and as retrospection can only enervate one's endeavour still to struggle on with life, the less I ruminate and descant upon the gloomy subject, the better.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE BRUMMELL.

* In 1830 Brummell was appointed Consul at Caen, a sinecure. His creditors now closed in on him and he was cast into prison in May 1835. He died in a dreadful state in the asylum at Caen in 1840.

ARNO'S COURT, THE HOME OF WILLIAM REEVE, AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COPPER SMELTER, HAS BEEN PURCHASED BY BRISTOL CORPORATION: The rather pretentious house on the Bristol-Bath Road evidently failed to satisfy its owner, as he added to his possessions the strange building known as the "Devil's Cathedral," which was approached through a hardly less pretentious gateway, as shown in the picture on the right. Horace Walpole, the great gossip of his age, viewed the whole architectural ensemble in 1766, declaring: "I was struck with a large Gothic building coal-black and striped with white. I took it for the 'Devil's Cathedral.' I found it was a uniform castle lately built and serving for stables and offices to a smart false Gothic house on the other side of the road"

THE "DEVIL'S CATHEDRAL" GLIMPSED THROUGH ITS PSEUDO-GOTHIC GATEWAY: In the background is the sham castle built in 1760 of copper slag from Crew's Hole by the smelter William Reeve. It is coal-black and striped with white. To-day grass grows round the almost equally strange gateway, and a small tree sprouts from the upper turrets of the oriental battlements

WITH BEST WISHES

IT is now possible for you to buy a year's subscription to *The Sphere* to send overseas. Here is an ideal CHRISTMAS PRESENT for your friends abroad. Each week your friend receives a new copy, reminding him or her throughout the year of your kind thought.

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"MISS MABEL" at the DUCHESS

R. C. Sherriff's Latest Play; Sid Field's First Straight Part; Noel Coward in Paris

"IT'S A PERFECT MODEL FOR THE SEASIDE HOME": The Vicar (W. E. Holloway) congratulates the prospective architect (Peter Murray) on his design for the children's home, made possible by Miss Mabel's crime, in R. C. Sherriff's new play, "Miss Mabel"

SOLICITOR, SPINSTER AND DOCTOR: Clive Morton, Mary Jerrold and Richard Warner with the photograph of the Australian adventurer who was to have married "Miss Mabel's" sister. *Miss Mabel* is R. C. Sherriff's fifth play since *Journey's End* and looks set to end his run of ill luck on the stage. It is the play which Lilian Braithwaite was rehearsing when she died, and her part has been taken over and is brilliantly played by Mary Jerrold. Miss Mabel is a good, quiet, determined old lady, who lives in a small provincial town with her embittered sister. This sister, a wealthy widow, is corresponding with an Australian who is coming over to marry her for her money, and Miss Mabel decides she must act quickly if the fortune is not to go to him. Her action and its effect make the play

"HARVEY" FOR LONDON: Sid Field, who will play the lead; Mary Chase, author of the play which has won the Pulitzer Prize; and Brock Pemberton, went to a "Harvey" reception at the Savoy Hotel. Sid Field will be playing a straight part for the first time when *Harvey* opens in Birmingham (his home town) next Monday. The company will come to the Prince of Wales's Theatre on January 5. He takes the part of Edwin P. Dowd, who can see and talk to a large white rabbit, invisible to everyone else. Athene Seyler is in the company, and the play is to be produced by Anthony Quayle with the aid of Brock Pemberton, who produced it on Broadway

NOEL COWARD AND HIS MOTHER AFTER THE TRIUMPHANT PARIS FIRST NIGHT: In his dressing-room at the Edouard VII Theatre, he received congratulations from his mother, who had travelled from England for the occasion. *Present Laughter* was a big success in London, and Noel Coward played the part of the dramatist, advancing with every sign of reluctance into middle age. As is his custom, he did not play the full run and he has now taken the part up again in the Paris production, *Joyeux Chagrins* Coward will be forty-nine years old this month

NOEL COWARD TAKES A CURTAIN AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF HIS PARIS PRODUCTION OF "PRESENT LAUGHTER": The playwright-actor was taking the lead in the translation of his latest play, which ran for several months at the Haymarket Theatre in London

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE GREAT CANADIAN SPY TRIAL

Provides the Theme for an Exciting New Novel by Evan John

THE remarkable thing about Mr. Evan John's novel THE NETWORK (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is that so much of it is true. Any reader of White Papers will remember that Report of the Royal Commission on the spy trial in Canada a couple of years ago. And even those who didn't study the Report may remember many of the revelations. Ordinary men and women (one might have been forgiven for calling them commonplace) had sold secret information about their own country's Government or their own country's scientific researches, to a foreign power.

Some of this number did not even wish to sell the secrets but gave them freely, thinking that they were helping in an idealistic movement for the good of mankind in general, but they were paid, nevertheless, either in notes or in bottles of spirits, so that the payment might be recorded, and the new worker safely enmeshed in the net.

Mr. John is to be congratulated for his deft and honest handling of the facts, from which he has made not just an exciting story but one of the most sinister stories of our times that could be happening here, and probably is!

THE VILLA MISTRAL (Secker and Warburg. 9s. 6d.) is a novel about some highly individual people living in a Mediterranean community, and apart from that, there is no further resemblance to *South Wind*. Mr. Richard Strachey has a fairly witty and malicious pen, and it is probable that he enjoyed himself hugely in the writing of this little fantasy, but he is not in the same *via* as the old Florentine master.

A professor retired, as he thinks, from active life, rents a villa in the South of France and, by negative means, attracts to himself a number of men and women who, for their own reasons, appreciate his philosophy of the value of the individual conscience. From time to time the group round the professor changes, but its character remains constant, and the active animosity of the local police force is fairly constant too. Only the professor and his intimates have other things to consider than their effect on their immediate surroundings, and their sublime egotism carries the day.

Most of this story has the undertone of a private joke shared by a group of highly articulate people, and that tends to be slightly embarrassing to the reader, but it also has its entertaining moments.

Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson has his own manner with detection, and it is as foreign from the usual mystery story as Tokay is from ale. As foreign, and as specialised a taste. THE SILVER BOWL (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is a tale of seventeenth-century witchcraft in Gloucestershire and its repercussions as far away as Smyrna. The story is involved but not obscure, and the author's clarity of style imposes reason on what might have been a fantastic story. In fact, on second thoughts, I'm sure it *is* a fantastic story, but told with a blend of conviction and elegance that is quite disarming.

AN OWL IN THE SUN (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is a novel told in the first person by a character with whom introspection has reached a morbid degree. He is a Frenchman, living in Turkey, and in love with a beautiful woman, who, in matters of the heart, has had a very adventurous life. She agrees to marry him, but warns him that he will be unhappy not through their future together but because of his suspicions of her past. Unfortunately, she is right, and even more unfortunately Mr. Leslie Kark has expended his talent on analysing each of the husband's doubts, even to his self-disgust and the laborious way in which he reaches a solution to his problems.

The short stories in DARK CARNIVAL (Hamish Hamilton. 9s.) are calculated to make your hair not only rise but curl on your head, for between them they seem to cover all the categories from the macabre, the creepy, the queer and the haunted to the right-down horrible. Mr. Ray Bradbury's is the imagination behind the tales which, at their best, have a peculiar fascination and at their worst are nauseating. However, there is considerable ingenuity here, and for the iron-and-steel-nerved I suggest a midday reading of *The Crowd*.

THE PULITZER PRIZEWINNER IN GERMANY: Mr. Thornton Wilder, author of "Our Town," at a Press conference at Frankfurt following his arrival in the city, where he is to give lectures to University students under the auspices of the University of Chicago

The 49th Parallel which finally became the border of the United States and Canada, and the way in which that border-line was settled, is worthy of a saga, and, to my recollection, a good few sagas have been written about it. Now comes Mr. Robert Ormond Case, with THE EMPIRE BUILDERS (Aldor. 10s. 6d.), a robust romance of the Oregon territory and the early days of the pioneers, and their indomitable women. It is hearty and vigorous stuff, with a rough swing to it.

THE ATTIC PRETENDERS (Putnam. 8s. 6d.) is one of the first novels to come out of Germany since the war, and is the work of Ernst Kreuder, who has devised a kind of fairy-tale, an escape from reality which six young men chose to get away from the grim drabness of their surroundings. The "points of their programme" are: honesty, loyalty, pertinacity, charity, exuberancy, amity and invincibility, and to these "points" they try to direct their behaviour, with varying results.

THE HOUSE OF MALLORY (Chapman and Hall. 9s. 6d.) is a detective story of some merit, in spite of Hugh McElroy's rather pedestrian style of writing. The setting of the story is familiar enough—a beautiful country house, but in this case the house has been turned into an hotel, and the guests pay enough to ensure a great deal of comfort and practically no murders at all.

There is a murderer about, though, and since his misdeeds and his ability to dissemble are the book's *raison d'être*, we should be—moderately—grateful to him.

Although Dr. Halliday Sutherland opens his travel book with the provocative words that it was a Communist who sent him to Spain, it was as a guest of the Franco Government that he visited the country, and his interviews with Franco were conducted on the most friendly, not to say affecting terms. SPANISH JOURNEY (Hollis and Carter. 15s.) is the record of a three-months visit during which the writer visited prisons, sanatoria and dispensaries, asked a great many questions, and made a great number of comparisons, often between Spain and England. Some of the latter observations are unexpected, but Dr. Sutherland is at his best in understatement, as when he writes that "at Guernica . . . there were many new houses."

THE ROAD BEFORE ME (Phœnix Press. 15s.) is one of those walking books which give the reader a perfectly unfair feeling of achievement. Having left it to Mr. Garry Hogg to tramp all the way round the Isle of Man, avoiding the motor-cycle races as far as possible, and to walk from Streatley to Stonehenge, and thence, in a roundabout way, to Beachy Head, one has a vicarious sensation of having travelled far and sensibly, without leaving the recesses of one's armchair.

Mr. Hogg evidently has an observant eye, for he notices and records amusing characters, odd corners, prehistoric traces and good cups of tea with an impartial enthusiasm, and even has a word of praise for a young policeman who pursued him up a muddy lane to ask for his identity card.

Once in seven years, the saying is, the farmer has a golden year, and Mr. R. M. Lockley has written the story of such a one, as he experienced it on his Welsh farm, with its hillsides sloping down to the water, and the clouded mountains in the background. THE GOLDEN YEAR (Witherby. 10s. 6d.) is a book of great charm, which relies more for its interest on the factual accounts of farming life and of country lore than on any especial grace of writing. I liked it, with its old-fashioned leisurely air, and its concessions to sentimentality.

PEACOCK AND HIS SON-IN-LAW GEORGE MEREDITH

Thomas Love Peacock, whose life spanned the Regency and early Victorian periods, holds a unique place among English novelists. His seven novels, cast largely in the form of dialogue, are brilliant political satires, and, even if half the allusions are lost upon the modern world, he remains wonderful value. Neither Chekov nor Frank Capra, it may be ventured, have ever assembled together a more self-centred crowd, a more motley throng, than we find in Peacock's seven novels from *Headlong Hall* (1815) to *Gryll Grange* (1860), that vigorous product of his old age. The seven are now brought together into an omnibus volume entitled THE NOVELS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (Rupert Hart-Davis. 18s.). Of the novels, *Crotchet Castle* is perhaps the liveliest, the most varied in its *dramatis personæ* of eccentrics and individualistic cranks, who gather in the house of that prize bore, Mr. Ebenezer Crotchet, and whose conversation possesses such an admirable epigrammatic brevity. Peacock's character is well delineated in his novels, and those who are so minded may trace his development, seeing the element of pedantry and illiberality in his earlier writings disappear in the genial sunshine of middle age.

Thomas Love Peacock's high-spirited and captivating daughter, Mary Ellen Nicholls, the widow of a naval officer, married as her second husband George Meredith, and the eleven years of their married life, until Mrs. Meredith's death in 1861, were marked by deep unhappiness. In 1862 the astonished critics were confronted with MODERN LOVE, the story told in fifty 16-line sonnets of a marriage which failed. Most of the critics were frankly shocked by this tale of a couple who sought relief in illicit relationships, who found no peace in reconciliation. The *Saturday Review*, indeed, allowed itself a year of stunned silence before noticing the book, declaring, when it did find voice, that it was "an elaborate analysis of a loathsome series of phenomena which he is pleased to call 'modern love.'" This great sonnet-sequence—for such was it held to be by later critics—is now reprinted (Rupert Hart-Davis 5s.), with an introduction by C. Day Lewis. Mr. Lewis's analysis of this dramatic study of infidelity is masterly. With enthusiasm he quotes these lines of almost Shakespearean grandeur.

"Not till the fire is dying in the grate,
Look we for any kinship with the stars."

John Middleton Murry, author, among many other things, of *The Necessity of Communism*, *The Defence of Democracy*, and a *Life of Jesus*, counts among his many and varied accomplishments an expert knowledge of Keats. He provides an erudite introduction to POEMS OF JOHN KEATS (Peter Nevill, Ltd. 12s. 6d.), and stoutly holds to the view that the chronological order is the right way to print Keats's work, as it is also of any other considerable poet.

It is now known that Thomas Wise was one of the most ingenious literary forgers of all time. He was first exposed in 1934 by two young booksellers. Now, from the same two bookmen, comes an important footnote to the evidence, entitled THE FIRM OF CHARLES OTTLEY, LANDON AND CO. (Rupert Hart-Davis. 6s.), by John Carter and Graham Pollard. The firm, we are shown, was nothing but a figment of Wise's vivid imagination, and four Swinburne pamphlets, which bear this imprint, were beyond all doubt produced fraudulently for that collector's market to which Wise understood so well how to cater. Wise, not Richard Herne Shepherd, is shown to be the culprit, but Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard do not disguise the fact that it may all have been part of a much wider conspiracy.

The English Novelists Series, that excellent series of background books for the student and the general reader, goes from strength to strength. The latest addition is SIR WALTER SCOTT, by Una Pope-Hennessy (Home and Van Thal. 6s.), who divides her book into two main chapters, "The Man"—an analysis of Scott's heroic, upright character—and "The Work," which shows the development of the writer who in the beginning, we are told "found words as difficult to drive as a team of zebras."

From Liverpool, sometimes dubbed "the capital of Wales," comes THE GORSE GLEN (Brython Press. 8s. 6d.), a translation by E. Morgan Humphreys of *Cwm Eithin*, the first Welsh edition of which appeared in 1931. This is an enchanting account of Welsh farm life in the last century.

IMPORTANT REPRINTS.—TENDER IS THE NIGHT, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Grey Walls Press. 8s. 6d.). A TRUE STORY, by Stephen Hudson (Falcon Press. 25s.). Five volumes forming one long omnibus novel.

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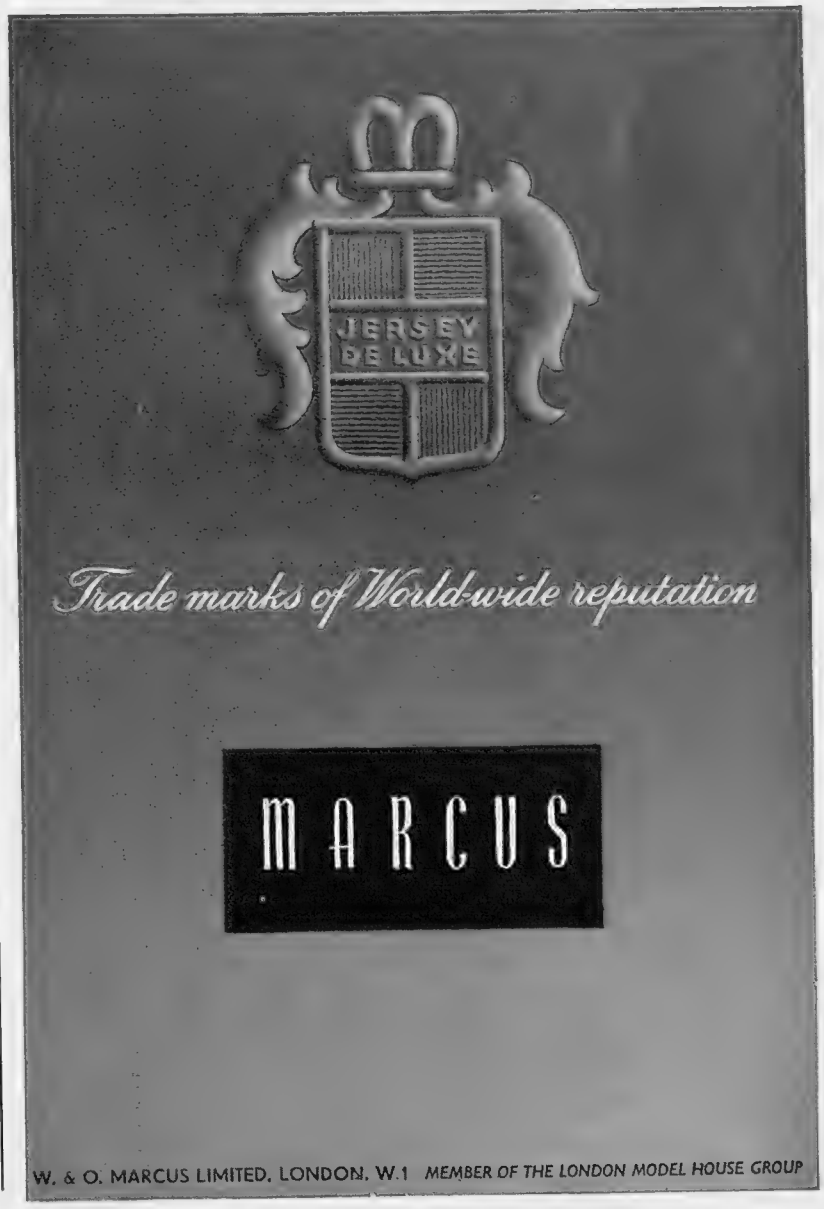

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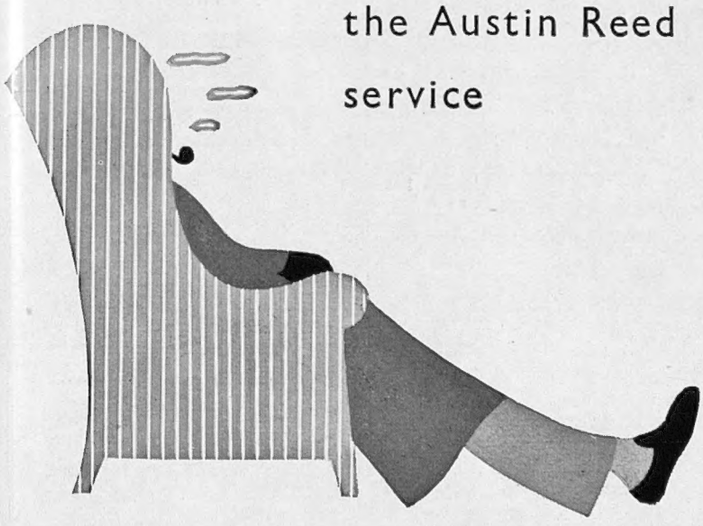

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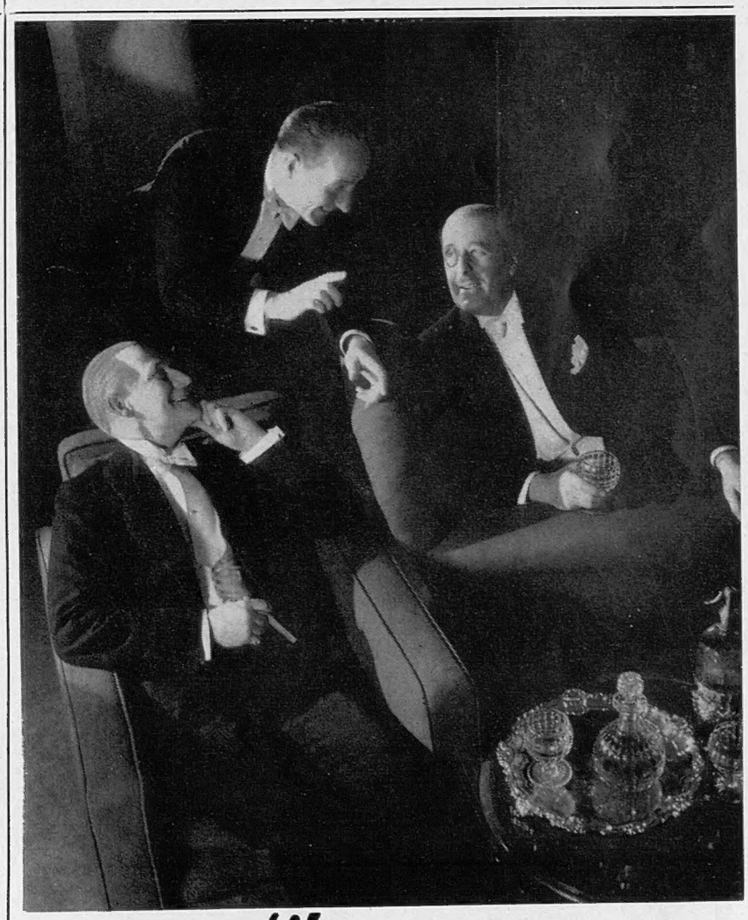

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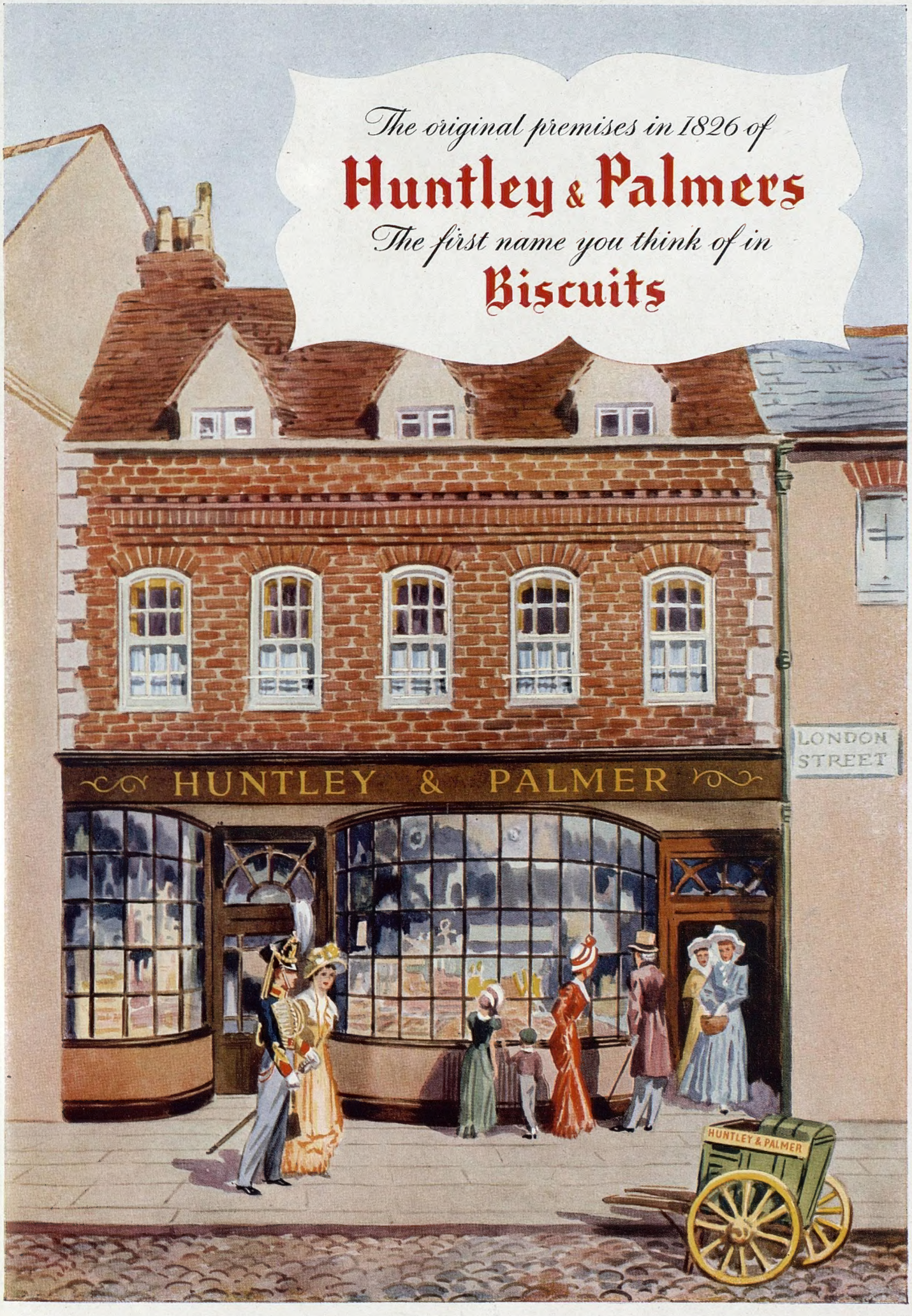
The original premises in 1826 of
Huntley & Palmers
The first name you think of in
Biscuits
HUNTLEY & PALMER
LONDON STREET
HUNTLEY & PALMER

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TIME MARCHES ON!

I'm a Walker, and I'm proud of it; I've come a long, long way—
From coach of 1820 to sports-car of today.
Time marches on, and I keep pace; if you could wait that long
You'd find a hundred years from now I'd still be going strong.

JOHNNIE WALKER
SCOTCH WHISKY

Born 1820—
still going
strong